

Theatre Australia

Kenn Brodziak on Theatre
Jan Friedl actress & singer
New Theatre Pt 1
Film Awards
Reviews.



WARREN
MITCHELL

LEAR

NIMROD

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Surry Hills
Sydney 2010 (02) 6994003

Nimrod Upstairs
Until Sunday 8 October

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costumes Silvia Jansons
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'Real theatre of nightmares' - Sydney Morning Herald
Ralph Cotterill a truly remarkable performance
- The Sun

Nimrod Upstairs
From Saturday 14 October

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designer Larry Eastwood
Lou Brown Beardon Burke Tom Farley
Gillian Jones Margo Lee Helen More
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Gordon Chater

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from Wednesday 11 October

Rold Komfort Kaffee

Robyn Archer John Gaden
Sharon Raascher Jerry Wesley
director Ken Horler
designer Martin Stamp
'Could run for ever' - Daily Telegraph
'Very polished, savage and powerful' - The Bulletin



Theatre

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#COMMENT#

Long Live the State Theatre

The Old Tote is now dead, but the surprise goes on as the 78 season is run out under the sign of the State. The once burning hot question in O'Rourke State is now like a mosquito, the only trace of activity coming from the workshop: the shows must go on.

One or two of the now associated managerial staff still haunt the place, their eyes glazed over with the blank stare of麻木麻木麻木. The shadows of the discipline staff, kept on to provide central services, lie further and further.

In the board room an air attendant table can be only real power left in the company's affairs, the President. The closed office of the invisible programme manager is now the seat of power of the rest of the production for 78. Holding these reins is Elizabeth Barchin, the general and competent representative of the State Government. Recently she has from NIDA, an organisation once hostile hand with the Tote and spring from the same base. After several years in the Cultural Grants Advisory Committee she was asked to return when the Tote after came up and was the obvious choice for the job as the only Government employee with the necessary theatrical background.

It's not a position to be envied, representing tough decisions of losing people who have grown in some cases 30 years of their lives to the company. But already the seeds to have given the reason of their still involved in the rest of the season. She looks the purse strings, with the Government as sole paymaster, though with a few little bits of just what it is all going to cost to keep them with other than.

Even Williams who leads the NSW Cultural Commission will talk freely around what is to happen from here but when it comes to actual

policy he is fairly tight lipped. There is a strict election looking and though he says, this must "be likely to give more than its value" it is for the Premier to make any announcements quickly before this election is published. Clearly, though the new act is a state company with a statutory base like those of South Australia and Queensland.

There are firms that companies are never properly created out of the blue but need to grow organically from small beginnings. And even with a first time (the dome) coverage any production would need 78, that still looks like turned work to an up-such a major company.

The Australia Council believes there is enough money around to provide \$4.5 million for more than one company, though the second could well involve the expansion of one already existing.

Williams does believe there will be state continuity with the Tote, as picking up the moths and personnel, even, perhaps, the old headquarters, but of course with an entirely new breed. The establishment of the board is in his view the first priority and from there the appointment of an artistic director like "home" an Australian will be chosen believing there to be several who could do the job, but he will not commit the post just to himself.

In the gap between the end of 78 and the new season the Opera Theatre is to be thrown open to domestic productions — which should help the Government real collection budget and take a little of the urgency out of the present situation.

The Tote is dead. Long live the state company.



Au Revoir Paris

With the closing of Molière the Paris Company has been put in abeyance and may never rise again unless they get the nod to start second company.

Despite the general critical opinion that the company has been a not success, we believe the very business and state which, because of low numbers, caused its failure, should be applauded. This once meeting should be seen as all major significance for the future. That a didn't succeed has much to do with the critical

meeting the plays occurred more on the principle of backing and refusing to recognize any town than "giving a hat".

Jan Smeaton notes the promises of Paris in Quixote and Quixote, and we conclude. President's Cross in this spirit — the publication of which is to be seen as both a tribute to the company's significant experience and the need for a reassessment of a major new play, which can only come about if the text is available.



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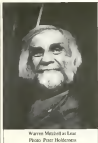
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“QUOTES & QUERIES”



Warren Maxwell as Lear
Photo: Peter Holdstock

to know what went wrong with the Paris. We produced two major new works and we're pretty pleased with the results. The only question was arising among the audience who would support the high risk policy of only new works, after the success of *Shakespeare* and *Big Top* there seemed to be an audience missing. Clearly anyone producing new work in the future should do it cautiously among more standard productions. Of the two shows one was well received critically, and one badly, but the audience figures were very much the same for both — about 150-175 a night. If they had been playing at the various venues for new work, *Natural* (Director: in Jane Street) they would have been triumph, packed out and with extended seasons.



I hope that the Paris two shows that a closer relationship between artists and administration can be made, it's a two way thing, not just for the artists to put their points of view, but also to make the administrative problems. And also that we will see a continuing concern with new work, even if it does have to be heavily subsidised.

There have been talks between myself, Rex and the NIDA/Vine Street people which may emerge into a season next year that incorporates the best of Jane Street and Paris; and it won't be neither of these previous venues, I will be going to rehearsal September next, and then take a break, but I hope to be involved in theatre here again towards the middle of next year.

Finally, we're pleased at the Opera House welcomes the post back of the Paris Theatre. It should be made compulsory reading to those who think of performing new work or starting new companies.

THE OPERA HOUSE AFFAIR

CHARLES BUTTERICK

"This year the Australia Council dividing its annual report into two parts, a review of this year's work and the official report about grants etc. Anything that's been in the papers as it has been speculation as it's not being released till 15th September. The Editor of *The Australian* said his subcommittee fill off the back of a truck — and wherever. Malaysia got here from about

the Council's view it was to start totally wrong.

There is a review of the Opera House and the Council does not think any of the theatres in it are ideal. When *The Australian* said was that the act of the Opera Theatre made the economics of running an artists company there more than usually difficult. It only holds 1,500 people and survival handout of the state have had nightmare. No one has ever said, however, that it should be destroyed."

MOMMA'S SMASH HIT

BENJIE PELL, Tasmanian Puppet Theatre

"We're very happy with our latest touring season in Adelaide and Melbourne. We did all our children's shows during the day at the Space in the Festival Centre. They were sold out and had a very good response. In the evening we played our adult show *Mamma's Little Mamma Show*, and the reviews so far have been fantastic too. Reviews from the IFSEA Congress suggested we take it to Singapore as they would never have seen anything like it, so perhaps money might be made in that direction.

We haven't played in the Last Laugh Theatre Restaurant season before, but it looks as if it's going to run as very well. Our director, Jesse Davidson has been doing their marketing up and we should fit in perfectly. Following that season we go on a three week tour with the Victorian Arts Council, two weeks around the suburbs of outer Melbourne, and a week in Coppelwood, with *The Golden Nugget Show*.

After that we have a lot of preparations to make for the International Puppet Festival which is being held in Hobart between the 1st and 15th of January next year, we are writing to boxes. We are also working on a new show for adults, following the success of *Mamma's*. It's going to be a cabaret evening."

WHO NEEDS WHIPBIRDS?

JOHN BRICEN, Linder Eastburn Regional Theatre

"When the Linder Theatre approached me in 1971 I was going through a bad stage, the upshot was that I found myself not only going abroad, but ending up as producer and helping to produce plays. I started off as an actor in England in Liverpool and my wife Mary used to act all over England, especially London, and on Broadway. We gave it all up when we came out here to live on the land. In 1973, there were consultations with the Community Arts Office in Bowral and it was agreed that there was room for a regional theatre to run the area using Bowral as a base. It was around then I

(Continued on page 56)

OPTING FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE

HARRISON MITCHELL

"It was just one of those odd things I decided to try and it seems to have come off."

Of all the concepts that I've developed in my life — and there are many — acting is the one that still appeals most of all, and next to script is writing good words. That's why I stayed with *Bill Shanklin* as long as I could. I find Johnny Spang's writing excellent, and you get spoiled. The next move from there seemed obviously to *Shakespeare* who else?

There seemed to be others. I saw Baz Luhrmann's version — the one we're doing — at the Maccos and liked it very much. It is a truncated version, and I don't understand and to the point. I also read Patrick White who emphasises a lot of books that the role of Lear is impossible. I was originally asked by the QTC to play the part of Shylock, well I could do that standing on my head and I didn't want to do anything easy. So I thought I'd go for the impossible, and I don't see one can criticize you for it if you fail. I think we've come quite near to succeeding.

I was told that Brisbane audiences regarded *Shakespeare* as an animal show, although they came along. I'm hoping the Sydney audience will be different, although they may only come with the horses, and young, more interested in the shows than their tea tables."

WHAT WENT RIGHT ABOUT PARIS

JIM BRADMAN

"Desperate who wants to write about it wants

LETTERS

Dear Sir,

My indignation grows steadily less Christian
Burger Kilmartin's letter in your August
1978 issue seems to be towards mine and more
decisively towards drama.

Actually, this should thank me in a good deed
should Mr Kilmartin's proposed ideal for
Australian theatre ever come to pass
"... active heated discussion, genuine
appreciation and conflict."

When you think about it it's not a bad
definition of the second world war. Are we going
to have body counts too?

The MIDA auditioning procedure is
described in the June 1978 edition of this
magazine and when we felt at the moment to be
the best procedure open to us it could of
course change next year or the year after that.
After all, it is an assessment procedure and
should be kept as flexible as possible.

I am conscious of my institution be a of
educational or vocational institution, that has
yet devised a process of assessment perfectly
satisfactory to all concerned. This does not
prevent us from being aware of the problems.
Certainly we have not yet commissioned a sign
reading PAINLESS AUDITIONING HELD
HERE despite the implications of your
correspondence.

Mr Kilmartin wants MIDA to watch the
pages of Theatre Australia with dispassion.

Well, thank you. Just put up a reasonable
opinion and we'll have a look at it. But for
Kilmartin's sake, stop trying to defend his
article as though it contained more than a
modicum of sanity.

Yours faithfully,
Peter Germaine

**Peter Germaine
MIDA**

Dear Sir,

Further to W P Ryan's enquiry in your
August edition on behalf of the Canberra
Repertory Society, I hope the following
information will be of interest.

Julian Knight, a handsome, widely respected
and extremely popular actor of the 'old school'
was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, in 1907. His
first stage appearance was in Liverpool, Wales
in 1928. In 1934 Seven years later he
made his London debut on Broadway in the New
Olympic Theatre. He worked for three years in
Sir Henry Irving's company, and made his first
visit to Australia in 1937, appearing in *The Sign
of the Cross*, *A Royal Divinity*, *The President of
Zenda*, *The Lady of Lyons* etc. Back in England he
appeared with Mrs Langtry in *Mademoiselle
Arlet*, then he returned to Australia in 1944 with
Maud Jeffries as his leading lady.

Maud Jeffries was born in Manchester in 1899.
Her made her first appearance in Italy's Theatre

New York in 1919, but it was her work in
London where she played in Wilson Barrett's
company for many years, that brought her
fame. She first came to Australia, with
Barrett, in 1927. During their 1934-5 tour, she
and Julian Knight shared in such dramas as
Resurrection, *The Darling of the Gods*, *The
Divine City*, *If I Were King*, *Comedy*, and
Enigma, *His Majesty's Servant*, *David Garrick*,
Poppea and *Calisto* etc. In 1934 Maud
Jeffries married a wealthy Australian
gentleman, James Moss Osborne and
eventually moved from the stage to settle in
Gardens, New South Wales. She died on 23rd
September 1946, aged 78.

Knight visited Australia again in 1919 playing
in *The David Copper*, *Henry of Navarre*, *The
Sign of the Cross* etc. He was back in 1943,
starring in *Belle Dame*, *Melancholy*, *The Silver
Ring*, *Messiah*, *Resurrection*, *The Lighthouseman*,
Diplomacy, etc, and presenting dramatic
recitations in the Troch.

His last visit to Australia was in 1951, when
he again appeared at the Troch, with parties
from the great dramas in which he had once
starred. Julian Knight died on 1st February,
1960, at the age of 78.

Yours faithfully,
Frank Van Dijkman
South Yarra, Victoria.



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This Festival is sponsored by the Australia's Society for Education through the Arts
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Jan Friedl — a passion for work with others.

Bruce Williams

Jan Friedl is one of those who emerged from the education mill in the states to find themselves part of the new, new Australian drama. Now that the talk of reconversion has died down and timeless forward have been replaced by a few increasingly female views, enterprise seems the antidote for disunion. There is a strong consistent line of development in Jan Friedl's career. Her success, however, was not for a few months but for her, as for others, to see just where those interests might best find a home.

After Melbourne University, where she made a name about Garla, Latent and the role of the political artist, she taught for a while at the Saint College of Victoria. From there, the first levels sprang to the show about Brazil which she and Marina Freni, the composer, together with Mark Rudge, are currently touring with the aid of a grant from the Australia Council. Meanwhile, however, Jan has a few reservations about the academic outlook. She was enthusiastic about John Willett's recent Melbourne lectures on Brecht as the composer, not only because they were made for research when doing for the Brecht show, but because of the man's love for the theatre and his attendance of information informed by that love. A welcome reminder that thought is not only for the sake of the theory but for the sake of the actor's work. In the end, she says, it is the actor's work that is the most important. When we talked about her University courses in drama (Brecht has begun), La Traviata is moving towards the end of the road as a good one. Where are the actors coming from she wanted to know?

As with academics, so with politics. She finds she is not attracted to women's theatre. That a composer with her earlier preference for Ross Lussanburg over Clara Zetkin, a preference for the high road of change rather than the direct, that so often can be so to the end. She's surprised, she says, that a political theatre should begin with the liberation of the actor.

What seems to pay in watch impressions? Here again she is conscious of a change from the previous mood she shared in a few years ago. Her preference is for a playwright's theatre. She wishes that management have begun to study Australian drama with the style of its most successful playwrights making a harder for young playwrights to reach a general audience. She particularly admires the work of



Jan Friedl

Photo by Ben Southwick

John Rumsden and Ben Evans.

So Jan Friedl finds herself in a position where the options are far less clear than when she began. She hasn't opted either for the commercial theatre despite some years with the APG, nor opted for a safe professional berth. It might look as though she has. After all, she's now employed through the work in the world in the Melbourne Theatre Company playing substantial roles. She gets her share of TV work as well. When we talked she was appearing in her second Agatha Christie play for the MTC, *Just Between Ourselves* having already played the would-be scandal lady in *Alfred Hitchcock's* *Why Did I Get to Play the Boss?* But the MTC, for her, is still a challenge rather than a refuge. Working with groups like the APG she says there's a feeling that your integrity is somehow guaranteed. At the MTC, you have to work much harder to feel that — the only going audience is the main reason. I had a strong impression, though, that in fact in acting in this way to something entirely personal, was almost her. "I want to do something that comes from me," she said, but in the first evening of *Just Between Ourselves* she was most at ease talking about others, the women's theatre she has widely believed in and continued towards not only as an actress but as a full collaboration. One of the things she likes most about Brecht is his passion for work with others.

The Brecht show arose from a number of decisions among them. Jan's attraction for him and Marina's feeling that composers like Eisler and Dessau, who succeeded Kurt Weill

have had no other idea that. The point was to look on the playwright's last years, when his return to East Germany. "He was less a composer, then, than an independent poet with a lot on his mind." The show will work back into his earlier years to make as many other things Brecht's attitudes to women. Interestingly Jan thinks Brecht has more in common with Gaby Deshayes than the reconstructed hero of *Alfred Hitchcock's* most accounts of him suggest. In it may she think the show will challenge Brecht's own view of himself. Brecht's attitude to the destruction. Mark Rudge will direct a sort of two the show spent at the Agatha Christie Melbourne in November and goes on tour to Adelaide, probably to The Space.

From *Just Between Ourselves* Jan went into the new Victorian Opera season. Admittedly in Opera playing multiple roles in *Die Zauberflöte* as *Serenity*, *Die Zauberflöte* and *Die Zauberflöte* by Marina Freni and Jan Hildred. I don't envy her having to appear in the suffering not for steady work and won't share her's worried away by the windmills.

On the whole, that night, it felt watching her successful performance (she's a good singer) as well that a theatre she could believe in really was still a long way away. The shortcomings of "savage" and "intentional" theatre can't be overcome only good-will, which is the case at the Victorian Opera. Brecht called for the effort needed to open the theatre from a house of theatre to a house of experience. Jan Friedl, at least, has no doubts about how hard a task that is.

The INSEA Congress — Arts in Cultural Diversity

Solrun Hoaas

The 12th World Congress of The International Society for Education Through Art (INSEA), held in Adelaide (2-18 August, on the theme of 'Arts in Cultural Diversity', was like a marketplace with far too many voices competing for attention. One is left with a real sense of waste rather than apt for a diverse program, it might have more profitably channelled efforts into a smaller scale session with more potential for interaction between artists, educators and theorists.

On the eve of the congress was rapidly organised with keynote addresses in the Festival Centre in the morning followed by twenty to thirty special interest papers to discuss features and to discuss a variety of responses to workshops in the afternoon. To sample the diversity of the latter: Waving puppet theatre, Classical Indian Dance, Post Modern Dance with The Dance Exchange, Bronx Play on Hammer and Anvil and the Serbian Knowledge Circle, John Finn on 'Cultural Diversity in the Australian Film', Frances Colyer with The Creative Arts Workshop, several sessions on property, drama in education and community arts etc. In addition there were continuing children's activities each day. Role Play Workshop by Blue Foli Community Arts Association, performances by Salamanca Theatre Company, State Opera, The Irish Company, Tinseltown Puppet Theatre and numerous others.

For some, the congress undoubtedly provided a framework in which to explore their work further under previous Peter Oppey's Commissioned Skills Workshop. For instance had students from the Victorian College of the Arts writing improvisation and group dynamics to write a play throughout the week. For others, as contributors into the workshop by educators of these own ideas was a useful guide to how to apply for funding.

Yet for many practitioners of the arts a gap was felt between their own concerns and those of the educators, between their own forms of expression and the theory-formulating language of the keynote addresses. The immediate impact and simplicity of Bruce Parry's politics or brick walls struck me as a far better argument for valuing the arts or put with the statistics in educational curricula than the philosophical argument for objectivity in an evaluation. Sadly, however, the latter may well be the most

effective weapon against the doctrine makers who throw the arts, foreign languages and home economics into one big bag of inappropriate subjects scheduled during the days before the conflict with school examinations.

As a focal point towards unity within the sprawling congress the keynote addresses had an unfortunate male, single-race, and English speaking bias for an international UNESCO sponsored congress even given its location in Australia. All fourteen speakers were from American, British, Australian or New Zealand institutions. This narrowed the frame of reference for the conference, the definition of 'our own culture', which a sense of culture, offered at the end of the week, and we must know before 'celebrating cultural diversity' and not losing 'other' cultures. Rather than the 'we' — 'they' approach I should have preferred one of greater emphasis on relieving the imagination to enable others to create their own cultures.

The educator's mission to promote order and to pull back all loose ends too far out on a limb of experimentation did not go unnoticed in several contentious sessions. After a superb presentation by John Fox (American Director, Galactic Semiotics) of 'learning, unlearning' in which the Western State artists create a space, drawing on various archetypal symbols and ritual sources, to provide a new sense of identity where parents give children names, one lady said she saw it as an archetype. Despite its considerable British Arts Council funding, the group, however, does not appear afraid of deconstructionism from theatrical or other orthodoxes. Drawing on the roots of ancient language and other cultures, they create their own symbols and construct objects for people to bring their imagination on, often staging events with literal enactment in depressed city streets. Attempts to break down boundaries between art forms, the work of the Fine Arts Council, is very physical and pragmatic and based on a relationship between various forms of expression. He sees his role essentially, says John Fox, as 'characterising things between a source and people'.

In arguing the case for the arts in education by placing art in mind, Robert W Wilson (*The Handpiece of Feeling*) suggested that 'events in themselves are not fixed in form, but rather they are "dynamic and fluid. Memory leaves them in its order to construct and add to them in order to interpret'. Therefore, and because one person could not even experience live performance of the INSEA event, I hesitate to speak of the congress that was or was not, it will live on in memory.

To see the world as a suggestion, Walter, is to see a dynamic web of relationships. To have creative vision is to surrender passion and memory in order to reach the world of experience with the mind.

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People with an interest in the still uncertain future of Twelfth Night Theatre not only remain in the dark as to what will happen in the immediate future, they still don't know all of what happened in the recent past.

The significant feature in the next few months, when a new Artistic Director must be appointed. The past is the period of December 1991 to January 1992 during which time Bill Redmond was appointed as Artistic Consultant for 1992 and the controversial "renew programme" suspended, pulled back, gave many "new" TV names its second chance. Critics of the decision, which effectively ended Twelfth Night and a roadhouse for a long-term experiment — providing precious little work for Queensland actors — were accused in April of a conspiracy with the Board that it was unacceptable. None of the money they applied for the Development was good money, to save the theatre a commercially "safe" programme had to be mounted in the interim, the AGM of July elected a rather different version of the crucial events of two Christmas.

A new name that the Board had selected a local applicant, with whom they were satisfied and were about to announce the appointment when the Theatre Board of the Australia Council requested a consultation with the Twelfth Night Board and subsequent — and perhaps consequent — in this interview, the Redmond appointment and the "renew programme" were implemented. It was not they did not? Why is the Board so very close going requires the full past?

Even more importantly, what precisely was the role and motives of the Australia Council in, apparently, overruling the Board's decision to appoint the Director of their choice? Is it the Council is ultimately responsible for the professional use of its own subsidy?

Whether or not they will remain, unless the new Artistic Director is able to appoint a very different policy on his or her recruitment and problem solver charge. Then for the theatre has deployed little awareness of the stage as the responsibility inherent in its role as Queensland's general second professional company. Instead it seems obvious — perhaps understandably as one of the last major economic pressures — with the need for consumers at one end customers who will presumably desert their TV's to see the stars live onstage.

More disturbingly there will appear to be a tendency to treat local audiences as a commodity to be bought. The "Queensland public" is viewed currently or, given, as a bunch of uncultured, only capable only of unreflexive dumb shows, who must be brought into the theatre by vulgar goods and, once lured inside, gradually educated from its primitive tastes. Thus a tiny sliver of an appreciation of something a bit more advanced, at least more so than *King Lear* or *As You Like It*, is the sign of the times and will perpetuating, varied, like anywhere in the history of the consciousness of their responsibility for the Twelfth Night. It can be seen only as a parabolic growth inherent in the community.

The Continuing Saga of Twelfth Night

Veronica Kelly

which houses it and as a general artistic director. And a financial cut, paying by *As You Like It* which achieved 15% losses. Who needs it? And in view of the deserved fate of the Tate, will we really be getting it?

It looks like it's up to you. Artistic Director. An appropriate appointment this time around with no heavy stuff? new ones (the rest of the Theatre's future). The Twelfth Night Board has fought with Theatre company to make the Theatre through two years economic consequences including a four week period when the State Government requested a suspension of operations. It would be taking it this party determination to save Twelfth Night financially were to be saved and a general forgiveness of what ultimately it is to be saved for.

Meanwhile, professional theatre in Brisbane is not dead this year. It's just moved to new addresses. David Clendinning's Brisbane Artists' Theatre has a virtual station of Clendinning and London at Kelvin Grove CAC, followed by schools takes. Currently the BAC is playing Archibald's contemporary *New Britain*.

Oneself as — may for it — Twelfth Night Theatre. One of the many reasons is that the Twelfth Night Company can barely afford to play in its own house, when the Building Trust rents the theatre to outsiders at half price — hard to tell whether they're being selfish or just pragmatic.

Ken Finney put on a season of that old headward up super *Strife* in Cinema in a freezing church hall in the Valley — packed-out both with uneducated school children and the aforementioned kids. Both Clendinning and Finney were rejected as candidates for the Twelfth Night Artistic Directorship last December. The good actually isn't growing under the feet of the professional directors and actors here.

The space vacated by Twelfth Night is well and truly being occupied, which doubtless has not escaped the attention of subsidising bodies both of the State and the Australia Council. Both hope Twelfth Night is also getting the message — the intent is here, the audience are here, and one needs to move them along with patronising (re)visions. Queensland doesn't need a commercial theatre paid for by subsidy, it needs a second professional company with a coherent artistic policy. The question arises, will that company be the Twelfth Night Theatre Company? or should it be allowed to die quietly to make room for more vigorous growth?



Twelfth Night Theatre

Adelaide Commentary

by Tony Baker

Changes in name and personnel in official theatre in Adelaide seem just that, merely changes in name and personnel. They also provide an interesting example of a cultural establishment at work.

The most obvious change is that of name from the South Australian Theatre Company to that of State Theatre Company. This will make life easier for those who had previously confused it with the South Australian Theatrical Club in planning their entertainment. It will also bring the company's title into line with that of State Opera.

But it is a case of what's in a name, indeed. The company is a statutory body and, since the Act regulating it has not been amended it technically remains the SATC and also known as and registered as the State Theatre Company.

Of more moment is the departure of the aging dragon of South Australian theatre, Colin Hatherly, in the autumn at the age of 79 and

with half a century of contribution to the performing arts in South Australia behind him. The new chairman is Mr Malcolm Gray, a little staid, a proven scholar and member of the board for the past three years. Mr Gray is not a public figure in Adelaide but is those who have met him for a highly regarded as an intelligent, able administrator and keen supporter of the theatre. His appointment was formally approved by Rosalind Dow Duncanson as Minister responsible for arts development in the State. But the prime mover was undoubtedly Mr Len Amadio who operates unobtrusively from the position of Director, Art Development in the Premier's Department in a kind of cultural czar.

Mr Gray's appointment was an excellent example of the strength and limitation of an unconnected establishment. It promotes the appointment to senior influential position of someone from the same milieu who shares the same values, often the same acquaintances and who can be relied on not to rock the boat, subtly ordered to work actively to keep it as an iron fist. Mr Gray followed this rule when he told me shortly after his appointment that he was his position primarily as chairman of a board rather than as chairman of the particular theatre board.

If an appointment beyond approach is made also be said that it is a very onerous and it is likely to Mr Amadio's administration the social misadventures. Mr Gray seems just the man to ensure efficient administration and financial control, and so let that the board maintains good liaison between the two real centres of power, the official patron and the Company's artistic director and staff.

I single out the artistic director because, regardless of other management and financial participation in the running of the company the artistic director is very clearly dominant and in the person of Colin Gray has become even more so in recent years.

The other change in the SATC's personnel may have less evident importance and effect and could prove of considerable longer term interest. David Allan, one of the members of the Theatre artistic and executive group and a drama lecturer, has joined the governing. Though he has provided many of the more talked about talking points in Adelaide theatre in the past couple of years.

On the SATC board Mr Allan could bring much needed and alternative theatre closer together, or if this seems too hopeful could at least be an additional voice on the side of those with a taste for the radical.

Don't forget Tassie

Karl Hubert

Tasmanians are quite used to see their talent left off maps and it is understandable that they should be surprised when their coastline is commemorated suddenly by the anglic and powerful deities makers on the North Island.

These signs The last performance by the Australian Opera — some locals think it should be called the Sydney Opera — took place at Robert's Theatre Royal in 1971. Now, there is no for a reason by the AG as the Royal and the Princess Theatre in Launceston later this year (October November).

Two years ago, the writer saw a production by the Melbourne Theatre Company at St Martin's, where a large map of Australia formed the backdrop. It was found that once again it had happened. Australia limited to Cape Cuvier and there was no trace of Tasmania.

Later, a number of actors walked past and it was found that Tasmania was positioned on the stage floor. The explanation was that the map backdrop had been too big for St Martin's stage and visible than the off Cuvier, Tasmania was deleted.

Since 1971, many Tasmanians have become accustomed to the idea that apparently they are not worthy of grand opera. Finally there was objection, it was noted that Tasmanians too were paying taxes and so the AG received subsidies from the public, just as it had a moral obligation to appear on the State, particularly if it was a national company.

The AG argued that the Theatre Royal was too small for grand opera, inadvertently overlooking the fact that the late Stefan Brand had done it. The second argument was equally unconvincing, namely that the company would lose money. Of course, it would lose money, but did it not lose money elsewhere too? In fact, how many opera companies in the world make money?

So the announcement that the company would bring Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* to

Tasmania was a genuine surprise and people are asking themselves, why has sudden concern for Tasmanians Opera been? The answer may be that funds have become available from the Australian Council for such tours and that there is no out-competition for the AG.

In fact, long before it decided on an Tasmanian tour, the State Opera of South Australia announced it would come to Tasmania early next year, and the Victoria Opera too is strongly interested in appearing in the house.

However, that is only part of an answer. The Dec will be one of the major monuments of the late Ianthe Maxwell in Tasmania, of which Claude Allcock is the president, the same Claude Allcock who was chairman of the AG for a number of years.

It may be assumed that he joined a few strings in his case. Tasmanians have reason to be grateful to him. There is no doubt that The Dec will have an excellent reason they — and that he will lose money. However that is as it should be, deliver a new show, his memorial to the well being of a nation.

Ray Stanley's

WHISPERS RUMOURS & FACTS

People in the film industry are saying John Waters has made a mistake at a crucial point in his film career by accepting a stage role. He was being sought for several roles in upcoming films, but is contracted for a year in *Dearest* and, even if he made a career straight after that, it would be six months at best before it was renewed, by which time he will have a lot of ground to reverse - tipped to take over *Wayne's* cinema place as No 1 Australian male heart throb is Bryan Brown, closely followed by John Hargreaves.

As a matter of fact, a little while ago I had the opportunity of talking to Brown and Hargreaves on the set of *The Old Acetylene Shop* at Queensland and both made it clear that, although they would like to do occasional stage work, they do not envision of this again for any lengthy periods. I shouldn't be surprised to see Hargreaves, who left the talk lately to do another TV status of Young Ramsay, follow in the steps of Bill Hunter and appear in a play for Hoeghe at the Playbox in Melbourne.

Greene Randall talks on the set of 20142 told me Melodine Robertson has written a screenplay which adapts those prison plays of Jim McNeil — *The Chocolate Frog*, *The Old Flamingo Inn* and *How Does Your Garden Grow* — with probable title the latter play Hoeghe will be involved with Squire Productions in making the picture, which is likely to be directed by Brian Randall. Randall will play the role in *How Does Your Garden Grow* he did for the MTC and it's likely both John Hargreaves and Bryan Brown will also be in the film.

My information last month stated actor Hamilton Deane being prone of interest in the *Dearest* beauty's dinner (on November 11) was incorrect. For the simple reason he died a couple of years ago! Guest of honour in fact is another Peter Backus, who played Lord Castlebriar in *Dearest* back in 1915. As Deane proposed the banquet for so many years on the stage however, as enjoy chat is being reserved for him as the dinner, in his memory. Sir Robin Ramsey has been doing his own man Henry Lawson show in London's Riverside Soudon for a few captured 1-pm performances.

Near Peter Yellowhair's play *Away Match* which in collaboration with Martin Wright, and which had a season at Malabar Street last year,

has been playing in packed houses since last January at the Riverside Theatre in Berlin. Seems the Germans love Yellowhair's style of comedy as it's the third he play at that theatre, the others being *Back on the Wing* and *The Howl* (for Deane). He is of course noticed back in Sydney now, writing TV and film scripts.

Wieder if we shall get that Italian making possible comedy musical based on *Mad's Ark*. It is run for three years in Rome and also has had several hit runs in Austria and Germany, and currently is playing in Madrid and Mexico with eight other world capitals lined up to follow. As English adaptation, with lyrics by Laker Browne, already in London in November, with film rights already purchased for nearly a million pounds. The English translation of the Italian tale is *See Another Place at the Table* and the producers are offering a case of Italian table wine to the person who provides a better name in English.

Three Perth APH Awards. After his over-enthusiasm early in favour that quite little fellow who pops up everywhere will be known as John Michael Hollywood Sea Your Heart Out! However, I was amazed immediately in front of the American visitors who were splitting themselves with laughter, and from one state a very suitable "Shit". Were Frank Thring and Noel Porter really endorsing that song and dance act for Robert Helpmann? If so, I've got news for them. The phrase "Shit" has few dying days in the Fraser Government's in his acceptance speech for best screenplay award, named Bill Eadie to be good humouredly dashed out day by New York colleagues as "Australia's Maxine Redgrave".

The search list of *Chorus Memorandum* does not require me at all. The old PC Williamson Theatre had at one time toyed with the idea of staging it, but did not believe it was a good proposition, despite the fact the Australian public always flocks to see and read about Rayfield for more than they do in Britain. Some people suggest its success is due to the names of June Salter and John Hamilton — but there has been little evidence previously of Australian TV star attracting people to the theatre.

Following on the wake of Lawler's *The Dal* and *Enigma* and *Renard's The Comedy Album* comes *The Spelling Family Album* it stars from Clive Ryan's *Clash* which started out in Melbourne University's Guild Theatre in May and transferred to La Marea. From the play gets a second season at La Marea from October 18 to November 10, played alternately with companion play *For Our Life Now* taking the rest of *Stable* will be Jo Anne Moore from TV's *Top Shop*.

Although holding no brief for the Old Time Theatre Company, we surprised to find a civil organisation like the Hoeghe Theatre Foundation publicly applauding the Australia Council's decision to cut off funds to the TCC and interesting because a bad staged season. Australian plays flourish some so poorly attracted they had to be withdrawn! Hoeghe was cheerful doing a better job than *Planned Poles*

provided the two bookendings for Hoeghe! When I suggested Helpmann, in trying to get Helpmann to the Old Time is more Hoeghe's depiction would be getting based on what and this providing work for Australians and bring in money for other productions, the implication from Hoeghe was that this was the first of commercial theatre, and that subsidised theatre does not need to get based on what?

John Helpmann has been playing the lead in *Chorus* for an amateur society in Glasgow, by which he was of course paid. Seems a good idea for there to be more of this sort of thing. Apart from the employment aspect, actors get to play roles which they might otherwise not have the opportunity to do, and the company in question has the chance to work with a professional and a former poet laureate.

Recently had a telephone call from Peter Adams, who had spent a week-end in Sydney among *Grease* and *Plaster's Day* and who told me all about them. We chatted for some fifteen minutes during which time I was distinctly under the impression I was talking to actor Peter Adams. It was not until he asked if I could provide the telephone number of a certain film director and I queried if he was going into and director's next picture, that the penny dropped. It was Peter Adams of *1920*. And who about the amazing discovery made by Australian Major Magellan, his backdoor kangaroo had long been!

Those people willing to have up-to-the-minute news of film and film people throughout the world, really should subscribe to the weekly *Screens International* edited by Peter Noble. A free specimen copy can be obtained by writing to Christine Fairbank, *Screens International*, Fitts House, 141 Wandoo Lane, London, W1V 4BR, and mentioning *Theatre-Australia*.



The Godmother

STARRING MR. CHRIS SHAWW
Phone 8627442 8627579
107 Anzac Parade Kensington

KENN BRODZIAK

Robert Page interviews "the very biggest boy behind the scenes" — and hears that he plans to retire.

In the business, the people who put money into commercial theatre are called angels — for the most part they are the ones who rush in where fools fear to tread. In London they often get their fingers burnt, in New York the situation is even worse, yet in Australia though the country is not able to sustain the long runs which give the big returns, they come off well. That is if they put their money on Kenn Brodznak.

The Current Package

His success rate is unusually high and not just for packing shows, but talent spotting too. The girl now cast as Little Orphan Annie was early on spotted out by the famous Brodznak nose, the director saw little in her but she remained on the list because the maestro had indicated his view. When finally the standard of girls was whittled down to three it was obvious to everyone that she stood head and shoulders above the five hundred others they had auditioned.

His package for the next twelve months is already lined and rolling with *Denzels* as the first big attraction. His reasons for picking the various shows have an almost godfatherly simplicity, but the feeling that with him they will succeed is part of an indefinable sixth sense. "Denzels was the most commercial play I'd seen since *Godspell*, I found it appealed to all ages, it was fun, it was exciting, it was very theatrical. You had stars in the form of actors and stars in the form of scenery and costumes (by Edward Goyff)".

Anne which opens on October 25th at Her Majesty's, Melbourne, he chose on the single fact that it is "the most successful musical in the world" — and the sell out success in New York, London, Washington, Florida and San Francisco prove his point. Australia, he believes, wants a good, old-fashioned musical with singing, dancing, romance and spectacular costumes and can't fail to follow suit. It will be the most expensive production he has ever mounted with half a million dollars at risk.

His Ulman's visit at Cactus's *The Museum Voice* and Chick's *The Bear* is almost an accident. While an agent went through his lists — missing about Henry Fonda not being fit to travel, Burt Reynolds not being too available ("you'd have to advertise the show as starting at approximately 5.30 and then you'd never know when she'd turn up") — he said "I



Kenn Brodznak. Photo: Harry Jay

don't suppose you'd be interested in...?" "I certainly would" said Brodznak. The deal was fixed in twenty-four hours and *Lee Ulman* is due to open at the Comedy Melbourne, on November 1st.

The Festival Centre, Adelaide, called Brodznak to ask whether he had anything to go into the Playhouse in January: a telegram was sent to Derek Blomac asking if he could fit it in and complete his tour of Australian cities with *Way For Joy For Joy* for *Swing*? There, Canberra, Hobart and Launceston. "Derek said yes — and that gave us our fourth package. He loves Australia".

The Fifth, *Death Trap*, was another Brodznak find. It didn't get over reviews the first time round. "My agent when I saw it was that it would be a big hit in New York and within two weeks it was playing in capacity houses and will go for years and years". It is a comedy thriller like *Death*, though, "Full of gimmicks, but less so than *Death* and has a little bit more logic". He shares the worries about the final scene but believes the whole play works well enough to carry it.

The Edgley Brodznak Connection

The 1976/79 season for JC Williamson Productions is mounted in association with Michael Edgley International, a managerial relationship which has been a consistently successful one since Brodznak's *Ashe* services entered the JCW debacle and merged with their illustrious name for his production company — and without the crippling liability of the theatre buildings. In 1971 Edgley had

merged his company with the old Firm in a thirteen month bid to save its declining fortunes. The young head, then 37, made record profits for the concern but it was too much for too little. Now Edgley is a director of the new JCW Productions with Brodznak as chairman and managing director.

The relationship, though, is a loose one, each going his own way but investing in each other's presentations. The link that binds them together is the high regard in which they hold each other. "I think he is the best showman in Australia", says Kenn with an obviously strong loyalty underlying the remark, "and he thinks I am the best in position administrator".

Though Edgley is a major player for shows, stars from Russia, and ballet productions — all various presentations and combinations — and Brodznak for theatre, there are no actual lines of demarcation. They buy shows separately, then ask if the other is interested and quite often come together for a joint venture to with *A Chorus Line* and *Annie*. One major difference between them is that where Edgley was once wont to risk all on a show, Brodznak has always hedged his bets. When a venture is underway it usually happens that the Brodznak end takes care of production and administration while Edgley's handles the promotion. "Michael has convinced me to spend the big money on advertising, \$40,000 went on publicity for *Denzels* before it opened, \$80,000 on *Annie* and \$150,000 for *A Chorus Line*". But Brodznak still enjoys the lobby breaks that sometimes come for free — as with *A Chorus Line*, when Michael Bennett's seeking of the girl in England got big press here, and when the difficulty of finding a child actress brought the headline, "Little Orphan Annie — Where Are You?" — a seriously broke public's confusion of the musical with Anne's *Girl Four Goes*.

But even if he is convinced by Edgley, Kenn Brodznak is still rattled about Australian audiences, publicity may tell them a show is an art but the claims of awards and record breaking grosses overseas leave them unmoved. What is to my mind a healthy open-mindedness does not seem the ruling of the often thin film for Brodznak. It is not, he says, that audiences here are any more intelligent than their American counterparts but more discriminating. London and New York also benefit from a high level and awareness in art trade where people are in town for only a few days and go out already three parts convinced that

they will be entertained.

When Brodsky knows how largely what is to happen on Broadway and on the West End for years to come, and even knows within moments of these concepts the ideas that are developing as writer's heads in the UK and the US, decisions can be considered over a long period. Kene rolled off a list to make the point. Michael Bennett's new show *Quest* of the *Search* *Room*, *King of the Hill*, is open on Broadway in October, *Glory* which has just had a shaky premiere in Toronto and which Brodsky has been watching for three years, *Johnny Todd* with Angela Lansbury already cast. These and a dozen more are problems for late 1979 and beyond, but first have to prove themselves with audiences.

The Edgely — Williamson Productions to up, then, is largely conservative, there might be dauntingly large amounts of money involved but the risks when tried and tested overseas products are the staple fare, are not as great as one would imagine. But such caution in handling mainly the proven is understandable when the first production of Brodsky's under the new JCW banner, *More Country* *Tales*, despite being a sequel to a successful import, premiered here and was a flop. Not very a realist, he says it was simply because "it wasn't a good show — it didn't deserve to succeed".

Brodsky and Australian Drama

That, *The 20's* and *All That Jazz* and *Ag Taps* are the only shows he's tried on a long time that have inspired him. Success and the fortunes required to fill theatres like the Melbourne and Sydney Her Majesty's have largely put him in a league that can no longer consider productions such as *Shogun* *Japan* and *Dick of the Moon* both of which he picked up from David Fisher's *Independent* in the early days. The latter was a particular love of his on which he was prepared to lose money, now he flatly admits that he is never likely to indulge such enthusiasms again.

Negotiations were entered into with the WTC to take over The Club for which he would willingly have arranged a transfer, "but they kept on extending". With *Stephanie* *Phonetic* he wanted to take up Paul Box' offer but there were just no dates for it at the Comedy and so it went to the Playhouse under Memphis.

For some time, he has been looking for an Australian musical one of the few ambitions he has left. One idea was a *Power Without Glory* type plot, but the book hasn't really adapted to the stage. He joined a consortium to pay Ron Blair for the option of a musical comedy on the making of Whitlam, but that also went wrong, "it was more a vision sketch, though a good one, but not a play".

David Williamson has named his respect, though more for his achievements than for his plays, which I don't know enough about. But what I do want something of his, every time I ask where he is, he's retired. Brodsky would have gone to Dorothy Hewitt's *Pendora's* *Green*

despite the bad cuts, as it is about a period he knew personally, but, he says, he was actively prevented by some of the cast and various agents.

His own view of Australian drama notwithstanding, and which some might think a self-fulfilling one given that huge sums are just not raised on local product, he does believe that there could be a healthy export of shows overseas. London and Broadway producers are constantly in touch with him about premises here "because, believe it or not, they are short of product".

Subsidy

Brodsky is unopinionated in the view that subsidy is a bad thing and that theatre should be self-supporting. The mainstay of the "houses of theatre", New York and London, are not he asserts those with Government aid — thereby discounting the Royal Court, the RSC, the National and the last three (minus the male scene) and *A Chorus Line* began its subsidised theatre.

To the argument that internationally most of the modern playwrights of any stature have emerged in subsidised theatres, Brodsky answers that before subsidy the *Independent*, the *Ensemble* and the New Theatre were producing the

most important playwrights out there as membership subscriptions alone for capital in so far as subsidy developed Williamson, Barr, Hewitt, Blair, Speers and Menzies — the whole local new wave — Brodsky admits that it has been good, but says flatly "I'm not trying to develop a native culture".

Through a great believer in the star system — by which he means people as well known as Johnny Fairbank, Bill Pottsman, Colleen Hewitt and now John Waters — he backs even such talents as John Gaden, Geraldine Ferrar, Kate Fringetrick, Bruce Yellert and Kolya Menzies. This subject marks for him one of the major divergences between the two forms. "I can't be converted otherwise than that the public want to see stars".

Mainly the divorce exists with period subjects: "with a few exceptions, subsidised theatres cultivate a breed of director, actor and management which is alien to what I believe in — they will not accept the fact that they exist because of commercial theatre", Goldsworthy. He blames the press, and particularly Theatre Australia, for allowing this lack of honesty and disregard of commercial theatre to be given official publicity.

Achievements, Ambitions and Retirement

Kene Brodsky is pleased with his success, it has given him everything he wants. All that worries him is that the money that once could mean disaster has now become only figures. To the observer, still with a touch of romanticism in his view of theatre, Brodsky appears now to treat it merely as a means to be marketed. His admits to having lost many of his old enthusiasms and even that for the most part he "is a job like any other". Being the head of one of the few companies to have consistently paid a dividend to its shareholders, he considers to be one of his finest achievements. With such a track record, finding the money to put up money "has been the easiest part of it".

Trying to draw him on standards proved impossible. The only plays he would not do on principle are the ones he has seen in the US where the blacks knock the whites mercilessly, but when I asked why he hadn't managed any of the "new shows" he answered that "I really would hate to be because I wouldn't think they'd make money". Not because they're successful? "No — what could be more successful than some of the other things I've done?"

It was the detachment which made the ugliest bombshell of the interview believable. Kene Brodsky announced that he is to resign "in the foreseeable future" and that he will spend his time between Melbourne and New York. There is as yet no sign of an heir apparent, but the eternal fatalist (or pessimist — "I don't know the meaning of the word") doesn't plan these things, to him they happen. Whoever replaces him has the unenviable task of following the man who has brought here everything from *The Beatles* ("I just liked the sound of their name") to *A Chorus Line*, and above all, needs that sixth sense that can reliably pick out successes.



Lyle Kowalski "Lucy",
John Waters "Count Dracula"



A Chorus Line



NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY
AT THE PLAYHOUSE, PERTH

presenting

Season Two 1978

The National Theatre Company acknowledges the financial assistance of the Australia Council, the W.A. Arts Council and the W.A. Department of Education

Performing September 12 to October 14 at the Playhouse

Richard II

by William Shakespeare

With Robert van Marckenberg, Edgar Mendel, Leah Taylor and Allen Cassell

Packed with spectacle and pageantry, this famous play portrays the dilemma of leadership. Can Bolingbroke, the modern revolutionary, rightfully depose God's anointed king? Is Richard — the wilful monarch, surrounded by flatterers — fit to rule?

The poignant and moving drama of *Richard II* remains startlingly relevant in our own age. The production will be designed by Sue Russell and directed by Stephen Barry.

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Devised by Christine Randall and featuring
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From the well-known sexist jokes that husbands tell, to rock-swing lyrics and the pink or blue blanket they put on your baby in the hospital nursery, women as well as men of life for half the people of the world — women *Keep on Truckin'*. Francesca is not just another woman's show with hard-line speeches and cries of "no more men".

It is a celebration of the gains made by the women's liberation movement and a plea for the revolution to continue.

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by Brendan Behan

This magnificent extravaganza of a play is the greatest product of Behan's skilful, lyrical pen. It is a witty and often profound comment on Anglo-Irish relations — packed with comedy, songs, dancing and romance. The story of a British soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house as hostage for the release of an I.R.A. man is filled with hardy substance. This comedy in verse is directed by Mike Morris.

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The new 1925 musical, adapted by Bert Shevelove from the book by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel, with the music of Vincent Youmans and lyrics by Irving Caesar and Otto Harbach **WITH THE W.A. ARTS ORCHESTRA**. The happy, happy musical that swings and taps its way through many of the most loved and best remembered songs of all time — "Ten for Two", "I Want to be Happy", "I've Confessed to the Broker" — and many, many more. A full cast and chorus look forward to dazzling you with spectacle and panache. We want you to be happy this Christmas, ordering all your family and friends to this splendid musical. You may want to join in.

SPECIAL PRESENTATION FOR CHILDREN

Performing December 2 to December 27 at the Playhouse

The Cocky of Bungaree

by Richard Tallich

Cocky Bourke's hard luck never seemed to end. He was the only bloke to have his woolshed burned down in the Bush Floods of '36 and, in the Epidemic of '69, even his bullock came down with foot and mouth disease. But when the trouble began between the Pastoralists and the Shearers, a lesser man than Cocky Bourke would have been all for throwing himself in the sheep dip and ending it all. The hilarious events at Bungaree at the end of last century are recorded in a rollicking musical play, using the traditional songs and folklore of one of the most colourful periods of our past. Note: Your subscriber ticket may be converted to TWO seats for children at no cost.

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR: Stephen Barry, ADMINISTRATOR: Tony Youden
3 Pier Street, Perth 6000 Phone 325 3344

I never cease to marvel at the vigor and success of your theatre. Whatever your problems, I look at your achievements from the perspective of twenty years, remembering when your theatre started, recalling also how many theatres began in the US that have since disappeared. It is a splendid record.

American writer Albert Maltz met that birthday message in 1953, commemorating the 25th anniversary of Sydney New Theatre's foundation — an event that had taken place in 1928.

Forty six years old in 1978, New Theatre is now Sydney's longest-running theatre. Much published since, and with an often flamboyant history, why is it that a surprisingly large percentage of the theatre-going public is unaware today of its existence? The reasons are complex, but some answers might be found in the nature of the times that gave rise to the theatre's formation, and the varied political climate in which it spent its first twenty five years.

In Australia as in America, the late nineteen twenties and much of the thirties were years of acute financial depression. Long idle queues were common as were criticisms of families unable to pay the rent, of even sub-standard housing. Hope, for the majority, would be wage earners, was at a minimum. It was against this background that the New Theatre movement was born in America. Its earliest productions were chiefly "agit prop" left-leaning propaganda sketches. Then came Clifford Odets' famous one-act *Waiting for Lefty*. Written to raise funds for a New York taxi drivers' strike fund, it soon became a Broadway hit, eventually to be played from coast to coast in twenty cities by twenty different companies.

Following the American lead, amateur Workers Theatre groups sprang up in various Australian capitals — the Workers' Art Club in Sydney, the Workers' Theatre Groups in Melbourne and

NEW THEATRE MOVEMENT

PART I

1932-48

Mona Brand looks at the development of the New Theatre Movement in a two part series.

Perth, the Student Workers' Theatre in Brisbane. As in America, these first plays were short, locally written agit-prop numbers (1930's versions of today's Street Theatre) presented at factory gates, at street corners and at Labor Party and Communist Party branch meetings.

Critics as many of the sketches might have been from the dramatic standpoint, their topicality and satirical humor had an instant appeal for audiences only too happy to see somebody poking fun at the brutal politicians, and the economic system depicted as responsible for the capitalist recession. Another important role of these groups at the time was their opposition to the rise of fascism and the danger of world war.

The Sydney and Melbourne groups, in 1932 and 1936 respectively, (adopting the name New Theatre League, later to be shortened to New Theatre) were the first to establish themselves as serious theatres, with *Waiting for Lefty* the first play to put each of them on the map. When Sydney New Theatre won the 1936 City of Sydney Enacted One Act Play Competition with this American play as their entry their

were a few critics of "expensive passages" that helped to give the play a long run but the *Parade* magazine *The House that Built It*... its challenge to drive and stir with passion, its emotional impact needs. Here is provocative drama at its strongest!"

But by 1936 New Theatre in their Pitt Street premises had already produced a number of more generally acceptable plays by writers like Bernard Shaw, Upton Sinclair and Muriel Box — productions that were to set the pattern of future New Theatre programming: usually meeting contemporary works and classics interspersed from time to time with overtly political plays, musicals and revues, some with more than a touch of "agit prop", some directly satirical.

During its forty six years history, Sydney New Theatre has mounted some 280 productions, of which no more than eighteen can be said to have been narrowly political in that they have criticised the "sacred cows" of successive periods in much the same way that other groups do today with impunity. Yet it has been these comparatively few productions that have given New Theatre its reputation as some quarters at purely and simply a "theatre of the left", despite the fact that the majority of its offerings have been works by universally accepted writers like Austen, Shakespeare, Moliere, Chekhov, Sean O'Casey, Clifford Odets, J.B. Priestley, Lilian Hellman, Arthur Miller, Brendan Behan, William Somerset Maestri, Thornton Wilder, Albert Maltz, Tennessee Williams, John Pinter, Ted White, John Whiting, Karl Vonnegut, David Mamet, Tom Stoppard and Bertolt Brecht — the last mentioned admired today as trendy, but first produced by New Theatre in 1939.

Often criticized too as New Theatre's long held policy of presenting (mostly new) Australian plays, of which there have been seventy eight to date by writers including Louis Nowson, Leslie Ross, Barry Roland, Katharine Parkard, George London Dunn, Noel Gray, George Farwell, Dick Diamond, David Martin, Ralph Freeman, Alan Seymour, Elysebeth Cusack, Frank Hardy, Kevin McCulloch, Barry Oakley,

Of *Miss and Mrs Cymbeline* Edmund Allsop, Jessica Lees, Reg Lee, John Gray



John Howard, Kevin Morgan and myself.

But criticism of the Establishment has sometimes touched a too sensitive nerve and New Theatre has more than once been the subject of censoring attempts. The most notorious of these took place in 1936 around Clifford Odets' short anti-Nazi play *Till the Day I Die*, performance of which encountered various manifestations of hostility in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth.

Of Sydney New Theatre's first performance of this play directed by Jerold Wells at the Sney, the *Sydney Morning Herald* wrote (2nd July 1936): "... tact, concerned dramatic energy in the writing, as well as noise and terror ... burst and drove the attack on the Nazis becomes strong, but mostly it grips the unbalanced observer". Before the second performance on 7th July, Hitler's Central General in Australia — Dr Amann — presented to the Federal Government who in turn approached the NSW Chief Secretary, with the threat that as late as 5 pm New Theatre Secretary Victor Amiel was informed the play could not go on that night.

Deciding to test this ban in the court of public opinion, the show opened to a packed audience with a revival of *Waiting for Lefty* as the first half of the programme. At interval Amiel informed the entire audience that the second half of the programme would consist of "an un-named play". This turned out to be *Till the Day I Die*. At the end of the first scene, with the Gestapo due to knock on a door and burst in, the audience was treated to the exciting spectacle of the Sydney police charging through instead, shouting "The play must cease!" Victor Amiel, playing the lead, asked the audience, "Do you want to see this play?" A unanimous thrush of "Yes!" ... Gestapo police ... on with the show. The next day the papers were full of stories and pictures about the night's more than usually dramatic performance.

Meanwhile in Perth a gallery of local Nazi sympathisers panicked about the play's attack on Hitler, and in Melbourne the Workers' Theatre Group feared that every city and suburban German and hell

had been notified that the play must not be shown on their premises. Using a technicality, a friendly mayor was able to have the Collingwood Town Hall made available, but when he arrived for the performance he found four hooded police surrounding a hall padlocked against cast and audience. Unfazed, and to the chagrin of the multitude, his Worship let himself in by clambering through a window — only to find that his opponents had removed all the chairs. A stormy protest meeting replaced the play. *Till the Day I Die* was not performed publicly in Melbourne until February 1938.

Despite official attitudes these heady days in the theatre received mostly sympathetic press coverage — a situation that was to change in the late forties and fifties.

But much was to happen in the meanwhile. In South Australia a group that was later to call itself Adelaide New Theatre staged two plays including *Waiting for Lefty*. Then in Brisbane the Southern Workers' Theatre Group that later adopted the name Unity established itself with *Till the Day I Die*.

War broke out, and the departure of members to the various services forced the suspension of all New Theatre groups except Sydney and Melbourne who carried on with reduced members. By 1942 when Sydney New Theatre had moved to premises in Castle Street the disreputable of the USSR in the war had created an atmosphere of universal official tolerance towards left-wing organisations, and newspaper critics ceased how to pay due respect to the high standards of production, writing and acting often presented at the New Sydney people appearing on Castle Street who later became professionals included Jerold Wells, John Gray, Noel Gray, John Hayworth, Pat and Cedric Flower, Ken Warren, Joan Blue, Jack Page and John Armstrong, while at 93 Flinders Street in Melbourne the New Theatre those proved actors like John Braham, Martin Vaughan and John Ewart (playing a child in *Tomorrow the World*) with fairly stage experience.

After the war New Theatre companies

were re-formed in Adelaide and Perth, and Brisbane's Unity got together again in 1945. George Peterson, Union member for Brisbane in today's NSW Parliament was the theatre's secretary from 1946 to 1956 and recalls that the first play was George Farwell's *Sons of the South*. His work was mainly administrative, but he says, "I did perform and must have been one of the worst actors to tread the boards ... It seems to me in retrospect that we had the worst of both worlds. We had neither an amateur cast that was professional enough, nor were our plays and theatre performances adequate for the political tasks of a left-wing theatre". Not all former members of the group might agree with him, but the Brisbane branch of the New Theatre movement, like those in Adelaide and Perth, ceased operations some years ago, so perhaps this is a correct assessment.

Sydney New Theatre was riding a wave of comparative prosperity in 1946 when Sean O'Casey's play *The Star Turns Red* opened to a chorus of marvellous reviews. On March 6 the *Sydney Morning Herald* wrote that the production was "... in good taste deservedly encouraging and critical patronage by all serious students of drama and life. Although generous and unguided, the play is magnificent theatre, with gallies of inspired laughter to release its scorn".

That was the last review of a New Theatre production to appear in *The Herald* for many years. Was the critic too enthusiastic about this very controversial play? In retrospect, his withdrawal of *Herald* coverage seems to have been the first sign of the cold war that was to breathe on the Australian New Theatre movement for the next twelve years, beginning with a death of reviews, a partial advertising boycott, and expenditures like the refusal of a suburban Town Hall for a performance of the popular Australian folk revival, *Reddy Rice*.

Next month

The Cold War and After.

Cedric Flower and Margaret Olley granting set of *Terrific* for 1946 production

Sons of the South (1947) scenes Larp in William Lane





Designer Kristian Frederikson
Photo: Severy Edwards



Isabel Buchanan as Valerian, Anne
Aston as Camille, Act 1 — *The Merry
Widow*. Designer Kristian Frederikson

Kristian Frederikson

To design a major theatrical production is never easy. To redesign one that is already solidly established in the public's mind is extremely difficult. That was the formidable task confronting Kristian Frederikson when I discussed his work with him. He was working on a completely new production of *Coppelia* for the Australian Ballet with producer George Ogilvie. This was George's first ballet but Kristian had designed many. In fact, he was invited to Australia from his native New Zealand way back in 1963 by Dame Peggy van Praagh to do the costume designs for the company's *Swan Lake*.

The Frederikson/Ogilvie partnership is an old and tried one that dates back to a number of plays they did together at the Melbourne Theatre Company and has continued through to *Il Segugio* and *Das Gluckener Gockelchen* only for the Australian Opera. "I've worked with George on so many productions that a rapport has developed between us. So working out the designs for *Coppelia* is really an exchange of ideas between us to see what works and what doesn't."

How then does he go about creating new designs for a classic and well-known ballet? Kristian Frederikson of the dark, high-contrast-based serious visage suddenly smiles. "Well, it's not as difficult as being asked to design a new *Guille*. That's a nightmare. What I'm trying to do is to put back the fairy-tale aspect of *Coppelia* — restore some of the magic and enchantment and emphasize the romanticism. Delibes was an innovation in ballet. He influenced Tchaikovsky. Today it has become little more than a series of national dances. George is hardening the story-line — building up the characters of Swanilda and Frantz. In *Coppelia* it is really rejecting life — trying to make automata, whereas Frantz and Swanilda's story is a celebration of life."

Coppelia is, of course, based on one of

the stories of *The Tales of Hoffman*. It was first produced at the Paris Opera just before the Franco-Prussian War. It was described as a "ballet-pantomime" when it had its premiere in 1870 with choreography by Saint-Léon. Kristian says he has been a ballet fanatic since way back and long ago wrote to Paris for this same so when he was asked to design the ballet, he already had the topic. "Then George and I had discussions with Dame Peggy who has done additional choreography for this production. She sat there and with her hands, portrayed the whole ballet for us. It was a fabulous performance. I decided after talking with her, to wipe out the Middle-European look and go right back to the Paris original. I looked to see what Delibes and his designers had meant for it. It has lost a lot of its detail today. The score tells you what Delibes is saying, if you listen carefully. All designers, you know, are inherent producers. We work so closely with them that we go through each production, dramatically, as they do. I'm really drawing *Coppelia* in my mind as I sketch."

Kristian points a lot of sketches which must be approved by both the producer, and in the case of a ballet, the choreographer. He then goes to wardrobe and consults with them. He likes to choose all the fabrics himself. "I am", he says, "A fussy designer. I drive the wardrobe people insane. I have a great admiration for those who actually do the making. They can make or break a production. It's a great problem working with fifty or sixty people and it can be disastrous. Personally, I like to stay with a production and supervise everything from start to finish."

I ask him how long he has been given to produce the costume sketches and set models for *Coppelia*. He sighs and says ruefully, "Only a month. I'm working till 4 am every night. It's absurd. Would you believe I was given only a month to do

Model — Act 1 *The Merry Widow*. Concept: Bill Sydney
Opera House 1974. Designer Kristian Frederikson



Designer in Excelsis

that enormously elaborate Australian Opera production of *The Merry Widow* — 130 costumes and the most complex set", I look suitably appalled and he says, "Don't ask me why! It nearly always happens but not to overseas designers. They are given months."

Which brings Kristian Fredrikson, one of the few really successful Australian designers whose work is in constant demand, to a subject about which he feels strongly. He has worked in Australia since 1963 and he has seen here an enormous amount of design talent that is never given a chance. "Yet the big companies are importing designers from overseas while our own just can't get work on the theatre. We are turning out graduates from NIDA at the taxpayer's expense and they are not being used. It's a bad state of affairs. It's like training bus drivers and then bringing out West Indian bus drivers."

I say that I've been told by some of the big company people that a director must be able to choose his own designer and as an overseas one will therefore choose an overseas designer whose work is known to him. "Not so!", says Kristian sharply. "It costs much less to send one Australian designer to consult with the producers in England or wherever he is, and then send no sketches and models than it does to bring an overseas designer out here two or three times per production and that's what is happening now. I'm not saying we should use only Australian designers but we should consider them. When Colin George took over the South Australian Theatre Company, he brought out his own designer with him from England and the three Australian designers had to resign. Then the English designer went back home." There are rumours now that exactly the same thing is to happen in other theatre company shake-ups in the near future.

Last June, Kris Fredrikson was appointed as Designer-in-Residence to the Nat-

ional Playwright's Conference in Canberra. This was the first time such an appointment was made. Then he read all the scripts, sat in on rehearsals and made himself available to producers, playwrights and actors. "Many playwrights today", he explains, "know nothing of stagecraft. I could tell them what is possible and what is not — what will work and what will not and show them why and how. I worked a twelve hour day for two weeks which was exhausting but stimulating. It was strange to be designing in my head without putting anything down on paper, but it was worthwhile. For years designers have been regarded as a necessary evil. Now we are getting recognised."

It isn't easy to go from a really big budget opera or ballet production to a small one but it's something that most designers have to do from time to time. While those of us who haven't the job of grappling with such problems, say knowingly, "Ah! But it will be worth a challenge!", designers like Kris Fredrikson find that a shoestring budget is terribly frustrating says Kris — "A shoestring cost is all right but when one needs, for example, a chair and the right kind of chair at that and the budget doesn't run to it, the result just isn't very good."

During the intervals on the first night of the Australian Opera's *Don Giovanni* in Melbourne, everyone was talking about the really magnificent costumes designed by Kris. His costumes and sets for *The Merry Widow* were received with rapture. As a designer, he has both taste and restraint and unbelieve elegance. If anyone has the ability to rescue the "magic and enchantment" to Coppelia it is Kristian Fredrikson. When the curtain goes up on the world premiere of the new Dance Paddy van Praagh/George Ogilvie production of Coppelia at Melbourne's Palace Theatre, on February 12nd it should prove to be yet another Fredrikson triumph.



Kris an Fredrikson's design for Joan Sutherland as title role of *Lacryose Angeli* (Designer George Ogilvie) (Producer The Australian Opera)



Joan Sutherland as Anna, Act II — *The Merry Widow*. Designer Kristian Fredrikson



Model — Act III. Adapted from the Synopsi *The Australian Opera* (17) Designer Kristian Fredrikson

The last time I saw Paris...

Rogdan Gierczynski visits France and sends this report

The visitor in Paris with the ongoing inclinations will find the present season far above average. The current Parisian stage fare, though not exactly a regal aesthetic feast, provides at least a very fair and appetizingly varied repast. Should an overcrowded calendar leave but a single evening for the theatre, the selection can be easily made:

Jarry and Brook

Peter Brook's production of *Ubu* at Les Bouffes du Nord is a commendable and, on the whole, a successful experiment, a fresh staging of the theatrical concept that introduced the Drama of the Absurd more than seventy years ago.

This strange play by Alfred Jarry, written in the 1890s for marionettes, was first performed by players of flesh and blood at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre under the aegis of Lugan-Poe, the most enterprising entrepreneur and discoverer of playwrights of his generation. Firmin Gremier was the first *Père Ubu* and Louise France the first *Mère Ubu*, that lusty home pair who, in Jarry's opinion, embodied blind and ferocious philistinism.

"I will bourgeois all that is loose!" declared Flaubert, and this declaration Jarry illustrated in unique theatrical form. It is a work impossible to classify and difficult to stage. Sacha Guitry, who attended its rowdy premiere in 1896, has been entered it up as a masterpiece of a kind. "You will ask, what is its kind?" he

wrote. "It is neither strictly humor nor strictly parody. I should put it first among excessive caricatures, ranking it with most original and powerful barbaquages of all time, with the color, highlights and wit that caricature may contain."

It opens with a thunderclap that characterizes it when *Ubu* shouts at his wife "Mère Ubu, why are you so ugly tonight?" Is it because people are coming to dinner? The guests arrive and what they say and what they eat and drink and what they do — with *Ubu* as a "natural" leader of the army of destructive stupidity on the march — compose the nightmare incidents of Jarry's eerie fantasy.

Jarry outlined his notions for the director in Lugan-Poe, and Brook has cleverly adapted some of them. "As for the action, that takes place in Poland, that is to say, nowhere," he wrote the director. This is a political play for even the name of Poland had been erased from the map in 1896. Brook appropriately lets the action occur over the performing space of the theatre.

Jarry proposed an "accent" for *Ubu* and Brook has not only fulfilled this request, but has found more than one interpreter with an accent. Andreas Katsulas plays *Ubu* with the necessary force and snap, while the role of Mère *Ubu* is shared by Nichole Colosse and Miriam Goldschmid.

Ubu, though it has never been as appreciated abroad as in France, has had strong influence everywhere — in France, on Cocteau, Agostinelli and Proust, more recently on Ionesco and Brecht, and abroad on all "absurdist" from Arrabal to Albee. It is regarded by French critics as a classic — or semi-classic and Brook's vivid version will enlighten many to its present renaissance. It reveals that it is more than a play about some of historical importance. The vision of its cutting humour can still clearly be heard.

Eliot and Hands

Terry Hands, the British director who has staged Shakespeare in the House of Moles, is being represented in Paris at the moment by a new production of *Murder on the Cathedral* under the auspices of the Comédie Française in the Palais de Chaillot. The forthcoming adaptation of the Chaillot, which casts its intricate transformation might be mistaken for an underground glass factory, is a sorry site for anything. It is an ill-fated to the Eliot tragedy as it would be to the Rio carnival. The ideal Paris acting for this play — it was written for the Canterbury Festival — would be the Saxe-Chapelle, which was accorded to Grotowski for one of his theatrical experiments.

Hands' production is one of many scenic experiments and its choreographic traffic transpires on a chessboard floor, leaving of the devices game in which the crafty king arbiter has none opponent. The story of the transmutation on *Canterbury Cathedral's* high altar of Thomas a Becket, the archbishop who dared to defy Henry II, saved Tintinnus in a historical drama and it has recently been retold by Anouilh.

Eliot's Thomas, an Alasdair MacLennan observed, differs from other portraits in literature. Here is the man faced for martyrdom, aware of his doom and enlightened, but lost by the evil that the cloak of martyrdom conceals. Four temples cost him. The first three he can reach easily, but the fourth, possessing something of himself, he has difficulty in throwing away. The fourth figure holds before him a hat to his vanity — the hope of heavenly glory after death. He is, then, doubly weakened, by his destiny and by the state of his soul.

There is an ironic conclusion, with the king who have slain him recognizing their murder, while the monks of Canterbury mourn their lamentation.

It is often claimed that Eliot restored the poetic drama to the modern theatre. Actually, the 20th century had many poetic playwrights before him. Eliot is *The Sacred Wood* while depicting Gilbert Murray's translation of the Greek drama, not, more of his regard for Euripides' facile matching of words and action. And what of Claudel, of D'Annunzio, of

Andreas Katsulas and Jean-Claude Parris in Peter Brook's *Ubu*.
Théâtre des Bouffes du Nord



Mozart's *Clarens*, of Hauptmann in verse, of Heine and of Stephen Phillips' now faded tune?

Yet *Mander in the Cathedral* remains a major achievement. It brings a dignity to the stage of an art and abides with distinction in the contemporary repertory. It is still a little reminder of the theatrical presence of beautiful language.

The highly choral text demands a less studied recitation on the bench. In its latter moments it is more suggestive of a religious ritual than it is of theatrical spectacle.

Hendrix and Ray

Peter Hendrix's *Les Gens Dérangés* makes Saint-en-Vallée de *Dispositif* requires more than three hours to perform. It begins at 8.30 and runs — with a slight pause for an intermission — until nearly midnight. It seems longer.

Claude Ray, often administrative director, is cast as talking Hendrix in France. Not long ago he mounted an all-star, stylish production of the Austrian writer's intense, purchasable script *The Red Across Lake Constance* at the Espace Cardin. Neither lay names — Jeanne Moreau, Delphine Seyrig, Gérard Depardieu and Michel Lonsdale were the cast — nor such appeal could draw audiences.

Now he mistakenly believes that *Les Mêmes de la Culture de Mander* is the place for Hendrix, and he has persuaded Depardieu, established as a leading man in films, to join him in the enterprise, all to no avail. The interminable evening is colorless, unscripted and depressing.

Hendrix has left out the subterfuge, judge and language, thus depriving his script of varied action. And for his sought to "humanize" the sterility, but he fails at characterization as he fails at generalization. There is no more dramatic technique discernible in the manuscript than there is in the Anatomy of Melancholy.

One wants for a flash of originality, the glint of a fresh idea, but Hendrix has nothing new to say despite his compulsory determination to say it. Yet, contrary, disorder, the crumbling of traditions are the main materials which he sets before the audience in a muddle of wrangle. Yet, irony, however, are conspicuous by their absence. Of eloquence, there is nothing.

The result is discourse built misquoting on thought.

Juliet and Romeo

The Paris Opera ballet had no production of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* in its current repertory. Yet Gligorovich has been waiting to do so, and his own Balshin company already has Leonard Lawrence's celebrated version as a cornerstone of its repertory.

It was a close race of dramatic meaning supply, and the new Gligorovich production awarded last night gives the Opera a version unlike anyone else's of one of the 20th century's major ballets, and a splendid showcase for its young principal dancers. It is a radical departure from Lawrence's realistic, story ballet approach and a different conception, not from Nureyev's vast Balshin drama staged last year in London and recently repeated here.

As usual, Gligorovich has sought to make dance the principal vehicle of communication. Mine and other story-telling devices have been augmented to the working point. There is no *Reveries*, no Duke of Verona, and Juliet's name is hardly more than a wall-on. Gligorovich assumes that the audience knows its Shakespeare or perhaps he did not care, and in eighteen fast-moving scenes — in two acts of about an hour each — he concentrates on the primary emotions of love and hate.

The production is set specific about time or place. Simon Visiada's set consists of an array of black curtains hanging from the floor and moved around (usually) to assume different shapes and create changing scene spaces. Now and then a specific object — a balcony, a bed — is hinted at. The choreographer has assigned the drama taking place at Carnival time and the reviles and masques are kind of continuously mobile backdrop and their costumes supply most of the color as an otherwise neutral space.

Gligorovich's version is more impressive in its sense of structure, with its contrast between intimate scenes and great movement, and its stagecraft, than for the choreography as such.

Dominique Khadkhan was the Juliet, with her long slender form giving a sense of the slightly awkward grace of a teenager. She and Edward had no less than four full-scale pas de deux to dance, and while these were undeniably attractive, Gligorovich did not endow them with choreographic inventiveness or originality to keep a progressive feeling of suspense from setting in. One departs from Shakespeare with to have Romeo dyed, but still alive, when Juliet awakes, ending the ballet with Juliet before

awakes Romeo's body.

AND

Les Dérangés Clarette for the Studio des Champs-Élysées is a "pat" play. The scene is a small palace frequented exclusively by male homosexuals yet, despite its setting and subject, it trades neither in the sensational nor in the salacious. It is not a gripping love, but a serious, honest consideration of types from a world long excluded from society and, until lately, from frank intelligent discussion.

The bath's bathies are drawn from various classes. There are a backfitter whose homosexuality is permitted full range in the parlor's confines; a Canadian who stalks about in a prison, a handsome Turpin, the muscular proprietor, a postcardman, steadily a grandfather, who simply likes the relaxing atmosphere of the place.

A collection of minor dramas compose the action. An abandoned man comes to find his ex-lover and is again spurned, and the elderly client collapses in the steam room. At one point there is a revealing symposium on the three that preoccupy the assembly.

The author, Yves Navarre, has devised it in a swift, lightly and, and it is sufficiently varied to hold attention throughout. It is constantly provocative and interesting, a rare feat. It is not what is known as an "intellectual" play, but rather a sort of documentary recording, observing a phase of human experience. Its conclusion — by subtext rather than by emphasis — is that the homosexual is a man with an extra problem.

Lois Thierry's staging is acceptable, but perhaps more brilliant direction would have provided the script sharper focus.

Hendrix's *Les Gens Dérangés* Photo: Alain Fonteyre





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A fourth category, *Contemporary*, depicts the same kind of subjects. It refers to many recent studies dealing with aspects of contemporary life as they affect the 14-year-old Australian

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The competition will be judged by the Creative Industries and the Victorian Ministry for the Arts, and a long advertisement for the winners will appear.

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MOMMA'S LITTLE HORROR SHOW

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Figure 1. The effect of the number of trials on the number of correct responses.

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11

LAST LAUGH

44 SOUTH ST., COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

Mismatched brilliance of Thomas and Rodger

UNDER MILK WOOD

RAYMOND STANLEY

Under Milk Wood by Dylan Thomas, Melbourne Theatre Company Antennae Theatre (Melbourne, Feb. 1994) 1 September 1936 Director: Mick Rodger, Designer: Brian Fawcett, Lighting Designer: Judith Lewis.

The Actor: Ross Bridges, Actress: Catherine, Lynette Carraro, Samantha Brown, Michael Edgar, Jonathan Hogg, Anthony Hewitt, Malcolm Kelly, Bruce Keenan, John Stanton, Ian Strickland, Jonathan Wood, Kelly Webb. Narrator and service men: Bill Houston.

Really, I am in two minds about the MTC's production of *Under Milk Wood*. On the one hand there is the undoubted brilliance of poet Dylan Thomas, and on the other the most of the time brilliance of director Mick Rodger. But the two do not necessarily blend. As we know, Thomas wrote 24 hours in a small Welsh town to a play for women. Apart from an early reading by Thomas himself with a small group, it was first aired by the BBC in January 1954, only 2½ months after the author's death.

I can recall when, in September 1956, it was staged in the West End, Kilmack thought it could work on stage. But it did and checked up 250 performances, and one was scheduled at the thought of what Thomas might have accomplished at the theatre had he lived. The characters seemed real although not all of the performers of this first stage production were flawless, as Dylan wrote at the time. "Some caricature their roles, some fashion, thereby bringing out the worst in Thomas."

Rodger, with his usual inventive mind, has not been content to allow Thomas to speak for himself and so, aided by propulsive music designed by Anne Finnis, presents a series of caricature cartoons like characters very loosely related to each appearance. The director also introduces much clever ris-qué humour.

All this though, I maintain, has nothing to do with Thomas. First and foremost he was a poet, and to listen to the Argos recording of the original BBC broadcast is to witness the music of this poetry, nurtured by a mainly Welsh cast, with accents natural to themselves. There is very little poetic credit to the production, and very few of the accents seem anywhere near authentic.

If one listens to that recording one hears Richard Burton as First Narrator take his speeches at a rattling pace, yet never missing one consonant and, as Thomas's words come bubbling out in rapid succession one after the other, their stage is created. John Stanton as First Narrator

takes the opening speech painfully slowly and sometimes the words Thomas wrote do not stick out and let one.

A little better, and more Welsh sounding, is Malcolm Keith as Second Narrator. Before long though both — as do many in the cast — lose any semblance of Welsh accent.

I recall when *Under Milk Wood* was first staged at London's New Theatre there was only one Narrator — Donald Houston — and most effective he was. There really seems no reason for using two, except that Thomas did write for a duo. In the present production, except at the commencement and end of the play, both sit in boxes either side of the stage.

Under Milk Wood — with most performers taking several roles — calls for credible playing of the highest order if it is to be successful. Here a only weeks internationally. Some are good for most of the time, but occasionally fall off in one particular characterisation. The women are consistently better than the men, although I do think Michael Edgar's Captain Cat (saw music) is quite powerful.

Head and shoulders over everyone else is Beverly Dunn, albeit with the right accent, spot on with a slightly different voice or characterisation. My Dunn is one of those Melbournes attracted the MTC, for an fashionable reason, has consistently failed to employ. This is her first appearance in a MTC production since she appeared in *The Party* nine back in 1991.



Ross Bridges (John Stanton), Malcolm Keith (2nd Narrator) in the MTC's *Under Milk Wood*. Photo: David Parker

My Dunn has recently had managed to do without the MTC, doing much respected radio work, playing Mary Lowman in *Bedford* and touring the country in highly acclaimed one-woman shows of her own creation. It seems a waste that she probably is better known on stage in Robert and Pertie than in her native Melbourne. Hopefully the MTC will now realise her potential and use her more in the future.

Some of the brilliance of director Rodger includes the chorus of women ducking like hens, and four of the women as schoolgirls with My Weale and others taking the roles of schoolboys. However, the patency of the play is missed right down to to be laughable and, with the codine blackouts, any suggestion of time at day by lighting effects is nullified. It is a pity too that the talented Rodger has made no attempt to match the verbal poetry with some visual stage poetry.

The programme does not let the many roles played by each member of the cast, which is a pity. And, personally, I would have preferred an interval rather than the 100 minutes one stop action.

Earlier I mentioned being in two minds about this production. Did I enjoy it then? As a matter of fact I did. But not for the reason I ought to have: relishing the patency of Dylan Thomas. It was because of the over-the-top acting and whispering trick being brought out of the hat by Mick Rodger.

political content, and in that respect *Breaks* is no distortion at all. The direct political equivalent of the action of the play are in mine, and there are more in mine. Watch for Spider at the next elections.'

It is inevitable that *Breaks* is some form of anti-allegory for the contemporary political situation in Australia without this statement. It is pretty unaccountable even with it. A massive sideways wrench of the text is required to use the soft counter-cultural middle-class house of the play's action as Parliament, or the Poles, and Spider, a fascist working-class Irish brute, as a metaphor for our present upstartism. If the play had more, however, and a few comprehensible parallels amongst its plot elements, such a construction might actually be feasible. For all that one might applaud the work, the work is not reduced to text or to stage.

Breaks is actually one of those quasi-anthropological and crypto-ethological plays that takes, from some kind of point, a glibly view of human nature, a view

frequently but not always endorsed by history. In a steadily mechanistic fashion, it examines the theme of the animal versus the human, the barbaric versus the civilized, the patient versus the effete, the aggressive versus the timorous, and in doing so *Breaks* overstates and overgeneralizes beyond average credulity.

The victory of the Archaic-like Spider over the spinous, sensitive of the house is in the end purely didactic and makes of an insistent moralism, see what barbaric forces walk our land how psychopathic we are to authority regardless of its nature, how we finally worship and indulge such brutality despite our residual conscience, why don't we, a clutch of weak, over-civilized bastards, do something? why don't we conquer and become like the magisterial Spider?

In the end it is rather like having an ear boared between the eyeballs or veins and being screamed at for not doing something about the scream. The scream screams says Graham and we naturally knoll and

touch the rubric horn of his comment, a jet of wordy foam.

Breaks is morally vulgar, a kind of puritan's feminist demonstration, with all the puritan's ambiguous findings for the past and concept. It presents a world entirely without modern, the only possible modern coming from the audience, some of whom board at the end of the opening night performance.

I don't wish to say much about the production except that the director and cast were posed a near impossible task. Once again a gift down to poor choice of play, something that seems to dog Hoeghe a little. Perhaps, even the broad demand, the Australian dramatic conserve is being spread too thinly. A given sentiment, but it is a my observation that with increasing acceptance of Australian plays over the last few years there has not been a proportionate increase in dramaturgical accomplishment, particularly among the newer writers, who should be applying a lot of gusto to the mumps of their aging cohorts.

Theatre/NSW



John Munn as Dracula. Photo: Branco Gysin

Plays to its sophisticated style **DRACULA**

ROBERT PAGE

Dracula directed by Michael Dunn and John I. Ballantine from Peter Jackson's novel. L.C. Williams Productions Ltd and Michael Dunn International Pty Ltd in the Playhouse Theatre Sydney NSW. Opened 27 August 1979. Director: Robert Page. Designer: Edward Berry. Light Sound: Leigh Swales. Hair: Wills. Costume Design: Jonathan Taylor. Props: Michaela De Burgh. Music: Raymond Gifford. Staging: Van Oort. Hair: David, R. H. Baskin. George Spaulding, Kenneth Davis Hamilton, David Dracula John Munn. (Sydney)

Vampires have been used to mirror the unconscious fears of generations, to write large morbidity that at times affects the mass consciousness, and to subvert in a thrilling metaphor the male dominance of the female. They are conventionally Victorian, an intoxicatingly sinister brute male sipping the blood of his sexual slaves. In search of Freud to see the punctured neck and blood-licking as sexual symbols.

But our age is not so much one of repressed sexuality, exorcism and black satanic milk so much as one of boredom born out of economic doldrums. The last revolution will not go down as we see when assets were raised, fights fought and people took their chances in the streets, but one of apathy and marking time. The exception is not of the spine-chilling thriller or deep passion pulsing just below the

help the hapless victim and he walks out. At the Actors Co Stephen Baker, ironically chewing gum, is laconic, calm and quite funny.

Apart from the "flesh and blood" characters, there's another, not human participant in this play — the police station where it all starts. Summons tells Rose it's not one of the "right places" — "no pay off here boy, a live police but no pay-offs". If that's so, and we must presumably take what he says at face value, how come Summons can arrange female company for Kenny as a pay off for being beaten up (Kenny: "What? You turn a blind eye and you get paid off in kind Summons"). The girls are grateful to me because I rather than value to the community? What sort of a police station is it of such a size that it's too small to handle anything — big or small (the latter is said to be hardly worth the effort). As what police station do the police do nothing but beat people up, watch the bloody movie and visit prostitutes?

The *Reverend* is a good instance an Australian drama of the crimes and public taking the will for the deed. It's a play you can write songs around. Frank Giallardo and Kerry Miller in their piece in *The Caravan* edition interestingly refer to it as being covered up. But that's not what this play becomes finally about, quite the contrary. Theorem don't dispense the necessity of writing a good play and creating some characters. For a playwright the mere indication of themes (and a film for dialogue) is inadequate, good intentions are not enough.

Ian Turner (in another article) points out that Australian culture is fundamentally anti-woman and that (presumably having regard to Summons's designs on the ladies and his paternalistic trade against Kate as opponent) "the deep repression and frustration expressed by Sergeant Dan Summons in his outburst against Kate and Fiona are endemic in the culture". True, no doubt — it's the best part of the play — but, surrounded as it is by inconsistencies and implausibilities in other areas, this good dramatic notion hardly makes the effort it should.

The Actors Co performance apparently took a while to settle in, but by the time I got there, it was operating, rather surprisingly as a comedy. Perhaps because the violence is not as efficient as previously in John Bell's production it was horrendous and bovine (as I did, that must be taken as a compliment) perhaps because David Kerlich makes Rose more personable than usual (Ray Anderson is good as Kenny, but so Martin Harris). But mainly it's because of John Barnes as Summons. Mr Barnes brings his irrepressible stare and devious comic timing almost to the end of the play, and when the Sergeant's incoherence at Rose's suggestion that they make the death look like suicide ("Do you think anyone commits suicide by beating himself to death? Get it down degraded and start swinging opponents at himself?")

Whatever the reason the pill on this occasion is sugar, the play is soft and it makes a tolerably funny evening because we don't have to believe in it and because David Williamson is a master not only at

reproducing the banality of offensive but of nature comic dialogue in general. His anyone reflected on the possibilities of "Yes, if your father's a carpenter, he'd be pretty stable".

Multitude of strong after images

LAMB OF GOD

ANTHONY ERIC LAY

Quaker Quaker John Summons, Reverend Thomas Taylor, John (David) Jones, Mr (Pete) Thomas, Martin Harrison, George (Alan) Graham, Loring (Roger) Alan (Ray) Giallardo, David Kerlich, Kenny (Ray) Anderson, Mick (Nick) Hedderley, Ian (Michael) Smith, Kate (Patricia) Jones, Jack (Martin) Vaughan (Produced)

The miserable's *Lamb of God* maps considerable laurels for writer John Summons, the very talented actor Michael Smith and director Hayes Gordon. This almost judicious blending of youth (Gordon, Smith) and maturity (Kerlich) offers to Sydneysiders one of the best locally written-and-directed pieces of theatre for 1978.

Attention turns first to twenty-five year old dramatist John Summons. Summons' *Lamb of God* is his most serious work to date and it marks his very considerable potential as a future writer for theatre. *Lamb of God*, a more full-time exploration of the world of Sydney suburban Catholicism, rooted within the classical web of family and the late 19th century, develops on his 1977 success *Crossing the River*, one of three plays in Richard Wherrett's excellent *Winged Diverter* programme. *Long Distance*. Both works tread a cautious path between liberating self-awareness and middle self-indulgence with remarkable lightness of touch. Summons manages in both plays to triumph with an almost sculptural rendering of powerful emotions neither understood nor articulated by his protagonists (mainly family) and his own self-reflective art, a singular tool against the blind threats of family, friends and religion. If the chief of his plays begins in some daily personal world it ends in a recognisably familiar milieu of suburban malaise.

At this stage of his development Summons has a rare quality: he knows the operator with a multitude of strong after images, particularly in *Lamb of God* with its episodic form and lengthy blackouts between scenes. But closer inspection reveals flaws beneath these images. There is a fundamental weakness in his grasp of language, a lack of dexterity that sometimes lessens the clarity of the issues being expressed and explored. That was especially true of the relationship between parents Ruth and Jack (Patricia Jones and Martin Vaughan) and parents and son (Michael Smith) Jack, the father, who has "always done the right thing" by his family, a man satisfied with remote but never attuned freedom, whose spirit says beneath the pain of his falling right leg and an earlier TV scene: "his family's enough pleasant never caused him a person full of the bitterness of life, whose palliative is the

Club, memories that border more on fantasy than substance, and who from universes apart from his wife, Ruth, is all Catholic. Ruth, the mother, strong-willed mother whose blind faith in God provides her resistance to life's injustices as a dogmatism, her closed mind feeding off an alarming ambivalence of deep but seldom verbalised emotions (Do you really love me, Jack?). "Don't look at me like that Jim" a yawning half between her complacent certainties in God's creation and her human uncertainties.

Summons's inability to focus these moments actually in the rambling dialogue suggests, as I understand it in a sense, a need to praise the work. The dialogue has all the necessary verisimilitude but lacks ability to clarify. Yet amazingly the first two scenes of the second act like that a lifetime's climactic argument between Ruth and Jack: the second a probably painful disputation of mother and son (usage) to order any latent melodrama and emerge as powerful and moving testaments to the distorted emotions that burst out of suburban wilderness. These scenes highlight Hayes Gordon's masterly direction of the second act: he continuously points the stage lights Martin Vaughan and Patricia Jones had a wobbly start in the play — Jones seemed awkward at moments and Vaughan stumbled for a time before he hit home — but this suggests to me more that Summons had not fully tested the parents than any inherent flaw in the acting and direction.

The focus on only four characters over the play an economy yet it is a tribute to Summons that he managed to create a whole world of characters outside of the glowing house well evoked by Brian Tucker's sparse and aptly depressing set. The authoritarianism and monumental ignorance of Catholicism (Bro. Thomas) juxtaposed to the pathetically doomed human teacher (Bro. John) whose homosexual leanings towards Jim cannot be disguised by his specious ministrations of spiritual therapy and Kierkegaard psychology, the base point of Jim's attraction to him. The sadly highlight is the absence of the sensitive in a world of unrequited dogma and we are not surprised to learn of Bro. John's "retrograde headcase".

On stage the milieu of post group is represented in the figure of Mick (Nick) Hedderley the colorless, good friend who a suppliance of fun and mirth with a blunted hostility to Jim's ineptness after that he is a mentor. Jim leans on Mick's crude masculinity — even to the point of getting him to act a anti-top, a task he cannot manage himself — but he must inevitably despise Mick because the latter has no access to the world Jim seeks. I thought Summons captured the Jim-Mick relationship well and many of the play's better moments were shared by Michael Smith and Nick Hedderley. This relationship highlighted Jim's sensitive awareness, his suppressed (and physical) sexuality which eventually leads him a "poor" for which he is backed and by staked by classmates while Mick looks on.

Another weak, old-stage, it that of dead Uncle Bill who seems to represent "Judeism", and still does to Jim's father, Jack



Michael Smith and Nick Hacharem at John Sumner's new Australian drama *Lamb of God*, directed by Hayes Gordon which opened at Ensemble Theatre on August 10th.

But we find that Bill was an alcoholic and we are confident that Jim will not pursue this wretched path through Sacramento given an excellent connection when Jim develops a "bad back" after the poofier busting incident, a drawback to his Uncle Bill's bad back. Bill's excuse for avoiding most responsibilities on his family, and

and certain that Jim will not go the way of his father — he is too intelligent.

Sommers' deeply personal world is one where the clichés of mainstream, teenage musical theatre, breaking of tradition and defying the constraints of God are mistakes as signs of rebellion not a questing for the celebration of love, joyfulness, sex and life is an affirmation against suburban wilderness. All this is neatly pinned against the backdrop of the Vietnam War as a national expression of the legacy of suburban modernism. A point I am ready to accept but one which the play did not make good. The best scene without Michael Smith's transsexual stage as an actor as few acts out his alienation in the history of the fall angel, Captain Cleone, alien from another galaxy. The scene struck me as an uneasy mixture of rich comedy, dark metaphoric irony and the self-indulgence of poisonous modernism. But a linked restraint, its humour rooted more in choice than in inhering self-awareness and thus we similarly reflected in the overdone lighting and saved effects. The Lamb lays down his allegiance to the modernity of his environment but he has yet to find new worlds. It was strongly necessary for John Sommers to reject the cultural closed world of suburban Catholicism, but one wonders where a young playwright of such shape and substance will find new challenges for his next work.

Nursed because we were looking down on him. He controls his body on stage to the extent that he appears to be containing an uncontrollable wildness inside. Strowse was the perfect choice for the father. And in contrast to the history and immense physical authority was Ralph Costello's wiryman. Costello is like a single man, and when he trembles, he does it throughout his whole body. He seemed like a cowboy and revealed like a clerk.

I've dealt on the strong physical contrast, but I believe it is at the heart of the story.

The net is a scaffolded structure resembling a giant insect steel. It was totally effective, but might have been bigger, even virtually reaching out into the audience. The family seemed to tick away time in an agony.

A single red light at back cast patches onto the scaffolding. The all-shades-of-grey design was part of the sparseness. In fact, all the costumes, with the exception of Lodge's mailer, were that balance-sheet grey, the true colour of pity, because, really.

His life's meaning was proven to be brought out. I felt there was too much that could be learned from a few portions of movement, was done as illustration of several parts of the text. There was too much simple retelling of the story with words, which meant pictures alone could have substituted. People generally know the story. There was an overall internal quality to the piece, with linear storylines and little expression. This is very much a view of Kallia from western Europe. Looking from the east, the pressing issue usually suffices to create a recognition and forces a contact as Kallia, by contrast.

purposely separates the textual line from the visual. This increases the tension within the play. This is not to criticize Berkoff because he did not present it as Kantor might have. It is merely to point out that the latter logic underpins Berkoff's approach. He does gain in clarity, if he loses a dimension of mystery, and not

The only thing concerns the taboos: Janet from the mother from into quite terrible pain, some time, finger outstretched, and face on the edge of a scream—a wonderful and extremely strong kabuki place. In general, all the taboos were terrifying. But rather than hold them within the object of horror, the sea, spreading the living space, the actors—usually moved back to neutralized position. This felt, weakened the sculptural power of some taboos and, more again, gave the particular costumes a limited analysis.

The unimagined scene of the entire family coming together to nobody's intent was a sacrifice, renunciation of the motorcycle seat at last. For once the family was together! There was great sit, ion, in the seat where the family is trying to outgrow their son for fear of losing the father's attention.

Nicolas Lynn's music, too, stayed away from the conventionally sacred. It was easily composed and played, a good deal directly on the strings of the piano. This was a good background to the violin playing, which had just that right trace of central European Jewish pianism: it was as if he were playing heart-strings.

The story, then, is built through the acting out of everyday routine. Baruffi is superb at depicting this very thing, as he did in *Dear Frankie*, so *Antenore* shows the pleasure of having an insect for a son is too much for father. What he does to him at the end is brutal and powerful. Father may be so brutal a man, but he has earned a family.

Excesses pared for subtle characterisation

THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

1000

The Book: *Money* (New by Robert Kiyosaki) **Business Training**
 Lessons: **Money** (1988) **Spreadsheets** (1990) **Business Plans**
Investment (1992) **Real Estate** (1994) **Stocks** (1996) **Options** (1998)

Harvard: **Don Williams**, **Myrtle**, **Joseph**, **Frances**, **John**
Wm. Lorne, **Spencer**, **William**, **Paul**, **Wm. Allen**, **Charles**,
Walter, **Wenger**, **Edith**, **W. D. Dyer**, **John**, **Martha**, **Frank**, **W.**
John, **Harry**, **W. Everett**, **Ed**, **Carl**, **Walter**, **William**, **Paul**,
Walter, **William**, **Edith**, **John**, **William**,
(continued)

Precious, neat and brilliantly preserved general values marked *The Rocky Horror Show* as directed by Terry O'Connell and Les Wexstein and performed by the Rosemary Trucking Company in the first production of the show outside a capital city.

Anderson perhaps expecting an outrageously high camp interpretation of the squealing Frank M. Farmer removed without (I consider) a serious perception of the rule by which accounts were paid in favour of public characterisation. Thus Farmer pseudoed over his manuscript with

— That remains the most potent image for today of the early past. The first moments of the play reveal how painful, almost painful, was the Victorian world, a paper of his rented room. The new and fresh looking to impose itself over the old and hard, in a way that makes it seem modern — when where the light falls, black in the shadows — emphasizing what is actual, James Huxford's act was happily evocation of the things rooms that someone make light in a transforming, and of the mind outside world of the (the) that Tolson is inevitably beginning to act, to introduce the new-fangled freedom of the present into the past.

But whatever the complex similarities between new generations of youth, the play's value is already that of a period piece. For it was written as a drama of freedom. It was meant as a slap in the face to those who take themselves and the world too seriously, "theatre as pure play" as Michael Kaelow expressed in his original speech. The games should be childish, not childish as Coke points out to Telen. Telen who makes his knock calculations by his inhumanity concerns with it, and ends up the loser. And, then, it is that this play should have been put on outside the Tate's controversial museum, where it has been arrogantly treated as a lightweight diversion for the middle class. That the cartoonists should be so misdeceived as to appear equally of either the artist or today anyone on inability to see the changes that such a play has wrought. The success of it and its liberating innovations has at least temporarily increased its importance.

plays, and the Para's two choices so far have been unacceptably good.

Wizdom, I feel, has the sense of an epic, a story re-told in clearly defined time blocks. The characters are not only acting *out* the story, they are also commenting on it and trying to control it, as if it were history itself.

John Garfield's portrayal of President Lopez was very fine. Rather than present himself up for a bit of bullhockey, he allowed his wife, played by Kate Fitzpatrick, to exhibit the strength. What's to be — as he announced — the symbol of his Presidency? And in her portrayal, Kate Fitzpatrick was brilliant as the capable female. The court attendants looked

I tell that the director, Sir Crampton, brought out the essential structure of the piece with great precision. Each part was spaced out and readily sharp. I heard one person complain about the length were changes by this sort of thing can add to the strength of a play, as it does in the Mob theatre for instance. It was in the visual elements that the director showed his greatest power. The old president lying half dead, and all we use as his feet and a candle set in the air. One gesture like this can suggest so much: does the old father use what is given to him, or does he use his own?

The Henri Rousseau backdrops were, in a word, exquisite, suggesting in a lovely way the splendour and danger of the native environment. It is a backdrop that engulfs the lovely clumsy figures of the wife and sisters. This is no place for the white

In fact, the whole play's message, all the pathos, consequence of translating foreign culture, comes from here. The

French wife puts on a masked ball in a country of rich peasants. The next cock-fight, using men instead of animals, is an amusement as is the war they watch from their peeped site. It isn't until the end that the characters realize that these seemingly amusing confrontations involve them.

Lepus sylvaticus, the earth under Agencies before abandoning it. He, his wife, his sisters, and mother spend months trapped in the swamp. This was where the singing started to live up to the final effect. The swamp was not sufficiently soaked. Water might have been used, as it was earlier in the play, or just more mud. The president had to be degraded more before being shot. And when he is shot, it is done in the "lake house" and "his" father. Much to misanthropic, and out of step with the general style of the rest.

The play itself is one of the best new Australian pieces written. It has a good deal of humour and always reminds us that we in Australia have paralleled the cultural development of an exotic country, Paraguay. Someone remarked to me after the play, "Ha, Paraguay, who knows anything about the culture of Paraguay? But who knows anything about us either. Some of the messages must be similar."

Finally, I would like to point out two young actors in *Venice*, Geoffrey Canada and Judy Davis. They gave superb small performances, acting tragic little people who are called to serve hateful masters. This too is a theme of the play: that people of power cause the destruction of others without realizing that they are bound to fall victim themselves.

One of the best new
Australian pieces
written

VIEWS

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

Officers: **Leslie Menden**, First Trustee, Spring Hill
 General: **W. August Pitt**, District West Representative
 Organ: **Leoline Wright**, Area Secretary, Raleigh
 Organ: **Walter Smith**, the Young Churchmen, Raleigh
 Male: **Leoline Wright**

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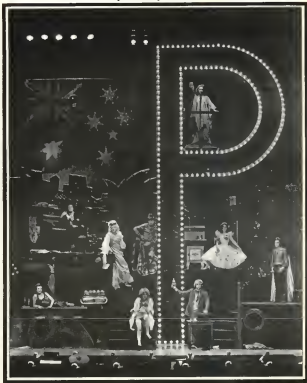
I don't know the fate of the *Parrr* Theatre by the time that review appears. But I also don't understand the motivations of critics who opposed the theatre's choices. There has been a definite change going on in Australian theatre in the last three years. The writing of Steve Spear, Louis Nowra, and David Allen, to name three, is not like that of earlier playwrights here. Now, when a new (theatre) drama up and runs, with production, one of those writers as well as other earlier neo-realist writers like Copestake, Hewitt, and Patrick White, it is attacked for not doing the 'right thing'.

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Katie Fitzpatrick at Madison Lopez at Paris: Treasure & Values
 Photo: Bruce Gault

PANDORA'S CROSS

By Dorothy Hewett



Photography: Brancato/Gaucha

Act II

The time is early morning of *Shower Saturday*. It is that transitional time when the sky is palely luminous and competing with the already lighted street lamps. The Village is a few of actors. Pam has drawn one of her painter-homage portraits on the pavement and is now painting a sign on the wall near the fountain. The sign reads: "Monks are Monks". Mar is sitting at his table alone today, typing furiously. Pam is working a flower in the corner, is gathering up the daffodils and holding them. The Goose is playing "Across the Western Suburbs we will wander" on the downtown piano. The atmosphere is relaxed, cheerful, and busy with a sense of purpose usually quite alien to the Village.

The Gooses (days) O this name it is, the Gooses they've been playing 'til now and loose, with the little village that I call my home, so I named the heart to grove, for I'll have to take her home.

And across the western suburbs I must roam. **Ethan** (sings and others accompany lightly) His name is Ethan Miley and the culture that we rally,

to honor our national heritage is squandered, for they've started knocking down all the cars

years in the old days. **Erin** and **Erin** wandered.

Primo (sings and some come to her) Where is my house, my little nation house, where is the village that I remember,

the residents of the town just came up and tore it down.

And across the western suburbs I must wander. **Ally** Under concrete and glass, Sydney's development lies,

it's all gone for profit and/or pleasure, though we really want to stay, they keep driving us away.

Now across the western suburbs we must wander.

Mar O this name it is, Mar Gooses and I've got a heart of ocean for the many city or natural area parks,

for payments of glass they have given me the area.

Now across the western suburbs I must roam.

Pam (singing with some friends) O this name it is, Pam Gooses but what's happened to me now, for no place is there they do not give a thought

before we even begin it is now called in My Dream.

And headed out as far as Wiggins Wiggins.

As they sing and dance in a circle together. **Jessica** (breaks) and **Ally** enter. They read Pam's sign, pick up the daffodils, singing and nudging each other.

Ally (sings) **Ruth** and **Ruth** Under concrete and glass, Sydney's development lies, it's all gone for profit and/or pleasure.

The Village past. **Ruth** and **Ruth** into the dancing circle. They both come unwillingly but **Ruth** quickly gets into the spirit of the performance.

while **Ruth** is unwillingly released by Pam. **Ally** (sings) Though we really want to stay they keep driving us away.

Now across the western suburbs we must wander.

The performance ends. They move back to their seats. Only **Ruth** and **Ruth** are left like clowns on a dark center stage in their costumes.

Thia "Where all this is?"

Ethan (Stuttering) Goosie Goo Goo Goo.

Ruth (sings) (sings) Goosie Goo Goo Goo.

Pam (sings) (sings) Goosie Goo Goo Goo.

Thia "What's going on?"

Primo (sings) You've created a sense a community tonight.

Ruth "Where's a change 'er?"

Ally Pam is.

Ruth Pam. The old backstage singer. **Pam**

Primo "What's a Rude, you know better than to use the house over me."

You've used to close me down and shut me up a dozen times.

Pam (sings) I'm always been a real anarchist. Any demands, you make it, against wishes, against the good. Pam'll be there.

Primo I'm a good upset Catholic, that's all.

Thia (sings) I had a good moment, Pam is. She's got justice the whole. And then she points.

Thia "What's going on?"

Mar "Whaddy, that's it. It's a fuckin' night."

Thia "You are a man of the world Mar."

Mar I'm a man, but I have fear.

Primo We all live here. I came to the Coast from Kingston before the police came when I was seven years, and I can't be caught.

Mar (sings) Where the town are in by now where the first person found and the ghost of Mr. Villen.

will take her single rooms.

And the girls that out from houses over light with changing moods.

While the pond in 37 miles has found of women shops.

Downing to Coal from Darlinghurst. **Primo** (sings)

The Village ship and cheer.

Primo (sings) (sings) You'll offer us money to get out, sure you will. The One Council the DMH, the State Government, and the bloody developers they're all based in glass with the creek, the ship, and the house in the night.

You're innocent they'll say. And as they'll come, thirty or forty big houses and they'll be right to the Village ship.

Ruth (sings) (sings) The world is a place.

Primo But we've got to control the crew. We've got to be in the night.

Ruth (sings) (sings) You're all dead as actors. **Ruth** (sings) over to the fountain and some glowing heads.

Thia (sings) We'll be and let it up like a medieval castle again. We'll be in the night.

Thia And you'll be up in the Darlinghurst back up. Look, I think the world's just historic time goes as long as it doesn't get out of hand. I believe in everyone doing their own thing in moderation. I'd love to do a long quiet moment special in the Pacific. They'd crowd out. **Quinn** (sings) (sings) I'd be a second State Thompson.

Ruth (sings) (sings) I'd be a second State Thompson.

Ruth (sings) (sings) I'd be a second State Thompson.

Ruth (sings) (sings) I'd be a second State Thompson.

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Ruth (sings) (sings) I'd be a second State Thompson.

Pam (sings) (sings) I'd be a second State Thompson.

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Pam (sings) (sings) I'd be a second State Thompson.

it's a land of games, although the spaces may happen in a different land of space.

It's a game for which lovers
it's a constant canvas call
it's hard not to follow
anywhere at all.

It's a game for two,
and I haven't one,
no matter what you do
I'm wrapped in you
I'm wrapped in you
I'm wrapped... in you
With a *beat* and *Em* and *Elber* come together
like long, *jealous* entities. They do not leave
again even when *Pandora* appears in her red
kimono at the top of the stairs because they are
not even aware of her presence. She comes but
does not go in her hand.

Em (frantically): Tell your love and *Em*
Em and *Elber* break apart but he and *Em* hold her hand.

Em (suddenly): I don't think I've got much of a
lifetime left to live!

Em Do you remember how we played at being
brother and sister and then one night in a dark
corner our fingers touched and they were
burning.

Elber moves away from *Em* to the bar and she
is a stool staring at nothing, her dream of *Em*
vanishing.

Em (suddenly): Knowing as both of us was
movable.

Em I never planned them those major days in
the left motion long, drunken nights, *Em*
Em, because to *Charles* *Elber*.

Em (gladly): I loved it all.

Em There were no great myths to live
through, no great gods to own.

Em But I was always afraid of you.

Em (Whisper): What is the dream of?

Em (Pandora) - the which.

Em (Mum) of me and an old man in the garden and
and the kitchen, all the Green Card came and
dressed her up in *Charles* (darkly) I never
dreamed to rule the sky *Em* not like you.

Em You'll never be as long as you'll you?

Em (Mum)

Em (What do you want of me, tell me what you
want).

Em (Everytime).

Em You can't have it, it's impossible.

Em I know but I still want it, I'm going to
live. You can't have it, I dream about you but
right. You was making love to me and you
were a major that it made you an immortal,
ghost - available. Then I woke up alone.

She lives an embittered laugh. *Em* moves back
to the foot of the stairs.

Em (Liam), then we could never have lived
together. *Em* can't live together. Tell me
anybody - give me the answer.

Em (suddenly): The *Em* (suddenly).

Em He came down and he died.

Em The *Em* (suddenly).

Em (Sag) wrote one novel, *Em* (suddenly) and he
drowned.

Em I could've locked the door on you
anytime.

Em I would have locked it down.

Em No, it could've worked, it could have
been.

Em But I died of *Em* (suddenly) and *Em*
became.

Em (suddenly): And what's the use of you who is
it means happened and it never will.

Em Except when I look at you sometimes I
do remember what I did.

just can't help it. It's like... something.
They make movements and they make each other
like P. (suddenly) I've never seen you since. Once in the
beginning of everything.

Em (suddenly): Waddabout, a one night
stand?

Em (suddenly): Waddabout, a one night
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Em (suddenly): Waddabout, a one night
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Em (suddenly): Waddabout, a one night
stand?

she's kind of gone but,
as the hours her lovely pass
in the Park, *Em* (suddenly).

Em (suddenly): Waddabout, a one night
stand?

Em (suddenly): Waddabout, a one night
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Em (suddenly): Waddabout, a one night
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Em (suddenly): Waddabout, a one night
stand?

Mark: Tinkerbell! If you meet up this simple little job for her.

Tim: You're kidding me, ha ha ha ha ha!

Tim: I'll just like a candle, up only place. *Flash laughs, pleased.*

Tim: Tink! Look like a million a holiday.

Tim: Tim! Not just any of them out just a little. She's got a holiday!

Tim: There's a why she's gone to be stopped, so Mr. Big, what he's doing right here in the heart of the City, and no one's going to be looking up by any means of this happy's dream on an all. Why you never know when she might turn up. There's a good job, what in the future, the back up in on this. *Power:* When it comes down to her, we'll go in and grab her. Then we'll go, or out from and now for in the Alpha.

Tim: When it's time to see her?

Tim: She won't ever wait in a moment, but she's not even.

He begins daydreaming. It really makes the big time with the little he'll. It'll be up there in last with the boys. It'll be a proper he man, and they won't never be able to put me down in just any of your age.

There is a magical power from behind the house.

Tim: When?

And pull on his gun. That makes his brother and together they come on the fountain, and he's up and dropping out a bright. Tim: Why look, look here! Look! It's Pardon Me For Love!

Tim pulls from a hand back by the bar and down to her to the door.

Tim: Timmy, how beautiful never has good of themselves.

Tim stands close, staring down at her.

Tim: Where you been looking?

Tim: *Timmy:* Play on the job.

Tim looks her in the eyes. She goes and looks up.

Tim: Don't be so sure. What you see, up?

Tim: Timmy, look.

Tim: Well, whatever you need you didn't see a lot.

Tim: Timmy.

Tim, looking at her, says: "I know me. I know. I'm not for the job."

Tim: Timmy! You're not here!

Tim: Timmy.

Tim looks her in the eyes, says: "I know me. I know. I'm not for the job."

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*Entrepreneurial participation by Townsville City Council

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For further information contact:

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Box 5181, M50 Townsville 4810. Phone (077) 72 2677



TCT



Australian Centre International Theatre Institute

153 Darling Street, Potts Point, N.S.W. 2011, Australia. Phone 357-4266

President: Prof. Robert Quenlin. Hon. Sec.: Dr. Martin Thiersch.

Editor: Candy Baker

INDIAN MUSIC AND DANCE THEATRE

A working seminar on Music and Dance Theatre is to be held in Bombay from November 21st - December 1st, 1978, in co-operation with the Dance Committee and the Music Theatre Committee of the ITI. The organisers is the famous Indian choreographer Mr. Sankar Sarabhai, who is writing up the seminar in order to explore the possibility of expansion within Music and Dance Theatre. Specialists are needed to take part in the seminar and arrangements are being contacted for travel documents and hospitality. Those interested in attending should contact the office immediately for further information.

DANCE DANCE DANCE

Preliminary plans have been made for the ITI World Congress to be held in Salfit, Belgium June 4th - 18th, 1979. The organising event will be the co-operation of the Dance Committee in the organisation and preparation of the International Ballet Competition to be held in Jackson, Mississippi, USA from June 11th - 12th, 1979. The two presidents of the Dance Committee will be the co-presidents of the Party. There is a possibility of a charter flight to begin at Salfit directly after the ITI Congress ends.

various stops in Prague and Paris before it's US destination so as to attract maximum participation.

The International Ballet Competition will be followed by the 2nd International Ballet Pedagogical Seminar which will take place in Varna, Bulgaria from July 2nd - 15th, 1979. It will be conducted by Peter Geyer, plus an additional teacher and two demonstrators with artistic direction by Robert Joffrey, co-president of the International Dance Section of the Netherlands.

A Dance Festival will be held in Budapest from February 18th - 27th, 1979 in conjunction with a dance competition.

A Jazz Dance Seminar will be held in Poland during the summer of 1979. Robert Joffrey will be organising this.

A Seminar entitled "Mythology in the Dance" will be held in Jerusalem, Israel from August 5th - 9th, 1979.

NEW LONDON ARTS CENTRE

Riverside Studios in London's newest centre for the arts. It is housed in a converted 1850s film studio, and can offer five performance spaces and publicity to international theatre and dance groups artists and musicians. The 1944 sound program includes master classes,

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(2/77) Newsletter June 1978

THE CENTRE FOR THEATRE PRACTICE

The Centre, based in New York has been set up as a meeting place for US and international theatre artists in order that all theatre people can have opportunities to gain new perspectives on their work.

The activities will begin in October, 1978 with a sequence of three month-long workshops led by the Centre's directors.

(3/77) Newsletter Aug. 1978

ROUND-TABLE - UNESCO

One of the events to be held under the aegis of the Office of Public Information at UNESCO, will be a Round-Table on The Mutual Responsibility of the Arts and Industry for the Development of Culture Today. This will take place in Paris on the 8th and 9th March, 1979.

The purpose of The Round Table are to identify the creative and cultural needs of both Industry and the Arts and to examine the ability of each to satisfy these needs in ways that are productive and economically viable for both.

People wishing to participate or who would like to suggest leading artists and culturalists whom they feel should take part in this Round-Table should contact Gloria Mirra, The Round Table Preparatory Committee, 15 Avenue Koller, Paris 75116 France.

THE STATE THEATRE AND ITS ALTERNATIVES

Colin Ballantyne

The relationship of large companies to state governments

I am going to talk of a possible movement, which I suggest is critical of the larger subsidised companies, to spend time and effort on a new bed for altered relationships and improved status with their state governments. I can be accused of idealism, so many urgent matters of artistic importance await attention. I can be accused of false values — a working prejudice for those who seem to have too much prestige already. Also I can be (wrongly) accused of wanting more for the big boys, who perhaps get a large slice of the cultural cake money at present — I am not talking of more money — nor taking away from small theatres.

I am stating that the major subsidised companies of most of the cities would benefit by a new recognition and a closer relationship with their state governments.

Nearly all of them have grown, from private companies, through non profit associations, to the position, due to inflation, of dependence on governments — in short they can all be threatened or manipulated by withdrawal of grant. I put forward the thesis that a rethinking of the organisational structure would clarify their status position relating to both the government and the public, would restate their function within the community and re-allocate responsibilities and priorities internally within the organisations.

Central to all of this is that large state drama companies throughout the world depend on financial assistance. If you would not without subsidy, then you are vulnerable. The only answer to vulnerability of this sort is to build a very close-knit structure, a relationship that no government will wish to dismantle for as long as it survives, not an external body, but its own reputation — part of itself — its own cultural prestige and heritage.

State theatre responsibilities

A State Theatre. The very name conjures up visions of the Moscow Arts Theatre, the Bolshoi Ensemble, the winning, monumental, immensely degraded and slightly dull state theatres of Germany in Australia. It would surely have to be a machine to large size company

The Chairman of the South Australian Theatre Company gave this address to the Theatre Forum at the National Playwrights' Conference, Canberra, 19th May. Mr Ballantyne is to retire on June 30th after a long career devoted to theatre.

of experienced actors and directors, suitably and permanently housed in a good theatre; a company receiving adequate public money and a recognition from the state and expected to deliver certain state services for that patronage.

Let's see what every state has a right to expect for the security it would provide:

1. A classical programme of international quality.
2. An Australian play programme taking equal ranking with the classical productions.
3. A balance in the programme of some of the best work of moderns outside Australia.

What other things could be reasonably expected?

1. A small but well training programme for young actors, directors and playwrights, a practical, on stage, non C.B.E. training.

2. An educational service — theatre in education, youth activities services — whatever you like to call it, that is under the guidance of an expert in this field. A service of education through and as the theatre by a dedicated team working in the schools both in the city and country. This team needs to create its own Australian material; to demonstrate to children that vitality, creativity and imagination are the beautiful characteristics of the human animal. The main company of the theatre must back this team by co-ordinating with

it first plays for children in the holiday periods, etc.

3. Another responsibility is to tour good theatre to the country towns — arguable, difficult and sometimes unrewarding as this sometimes is, a state theatre company must play to disadvantaged areas, theatrically speaking, and must be seen to play there.

What else can the state ask for, after the provision of money and recognition and the prestige, if any, which goes with that official recognition?

It can ask that the state theatre search out and maintain close touch with large sections of the public, that is, it should educate people to recognise the limitations of theatre and accept it into the community cultural life. This reaching out by state theatres is done by an available 'community' programme, theatre education, state and TV closed circuit shows etc. etc., a very active business.

Belongence and identification with the community — a closer, more continuous relationship from childhood onwards is what it is all about.

So we come to the crunch. Is the prestige and the security and the extra functions inherent in a state theatre company in Australia worth the added risk of political interference? The ideologies of the opposing political parties in Australia can make the strongest body — witness the ABC — it can be an embrace of death.

Your career will be dictated by your artistic beliefs and your political affiliations and indoctrinations. Some will feel that governments should keep right out of everything but the necessities of life: others will believe that our beneficiaries taught quite forcibly for state libraries, state museums, state educational systems, state orchestras, and that our governments should not be allowed to see governments regard the high level of theatre as an

invaluable cultural asset.

I might add, for those that fear the government embrace that it also has it I also know that statutory authorities, like the ABC, with special clauses written into their act, are powerless against the financial pressures of a government and that every non-profit company dependent on Australia Council money, can be pushed around. None is exempt and there is no protection that can legally be devised — except, of course, being able to do without the money.

Do I think a state theatre company essential? No, I don't. I think it's just part of a company develops that may within a state — but thank god, there are many workable patterns. In NSW and Victoria you have company law systems dealing with the way of setting up a theatre company. In South Australia you have company law and a lesser level, incorporation. It is reasonable to welcome every known variety of association of persons producing the widest range of theatre — experimental, subversive, middle-of-the-road, Australian, neo-classic, colonial pastoral-historical, avant-garde, you name it. Have you ever considered how impossible it is to be "avant" without a "pavé"?

I do, however, believe in *big* companies, from which are demanded standards quite equal to those which you would encounter in big companies abroad. I believe in the subsidisation of only a few good companies below the top — I believe in three companies for all the rest, and throughout the entire amateur field. Monetary grants in the amateur field I have found to be destructive.

I believe in certain rules for theatres:

1. Representation on the board, of employees and subscriber members.
2. Governments to be allowed representation if they are subsidising the company.
3. The board chairman to be responsible for that difficult balance between artistic director and general manager, and to see to it that the independence of the artistic

director is never sacrificed. This doesn't mean he's not criticised, or not held within budgetary limits, it simply means that he selects the plays and casts them at his right and responsibility. The general manager controls expenditure according to the look-up at his budget. The board chairman who fails the specific test of balancing artistic directorship and administrative control should be quickly dealt with. I maintain that while the balance is there, all board members should hear and address their chairman as "your excellency", a week after he fails the test he should be proclaimed "a living national treasure" and solemnly fettered on stage. The same rule only with strangulation for the board chairman who allows a monopoly position to occur with the artistic director and the general manager merged into one director-person.

4. I believe that management should be a committee of management of at least three working artists which meets once a week with the general manager, and that by consensus the company is governed by it in its day to day affairs.

If you look at the last ten years of the theatres in Australia I think you will see how much responsibility I put on the board chairman and the board make-up for the current course that has been charted.

Now in the South Australian Theatre Company.

We are not a state theatre company but we have many of the virtues and some of the failings of one.

1. We are the preferred tenant in a fine modern theatre on the Adelaide Festival Centre.
2. We are a statutory body with the government accepting residual financial responsibility.
3. We do have a massive theatre-in-education project under an acknowledged expert.
4. We do tour with the Arts Council each year (sometimes twice).
5. We do manage fine classical produc-

tions (of a contentious kind, thank heaven?). We have not yet a good or even a good enough reputation for the production of Australian plays. The past in this has been marred by bad luck and bad judgement; the future we think, is immoderate and exciting.

6. We are heavily subsidised and we do not get achieve the desired percentage of audience attendance. The most that can be said is that, in some areas, we constantly improve.

7. We admit to being guilty of having a highly talented and devoted man of the theatre, Colin George, as artistic director. Let's face it he trained us and came from the United Kingdom. You Sydney company folk and hosts should believe that we get him from Adelaide University, after serving a portion of his sentence there and clashing his correspondence papers in his hot hand.

If the next artistic director happens to be an African Horatio and he is as good as the one, I wouldn't care a rap. The highest talent knows no boundary lines and no nationality and requires no apologies. It would be as absurd as being required to apologise for producing a programme with a classical element — I'd go to the rack rather than apologise for presenting Shakespeare.

So all I have said in this state theatre are a matter of mutual trust (and perhaps admiration) developing between governments and theatres. If the theatre is proving that way I'm not afraid of it — I welcome it. It is a productive device politically. It is no bad thing for a state to have one body able to stage large cast plays and play the role of sponsor provider with all its obligations, just as it is no bad thing for a state to have one full-complement symphony orchestra, able to do justice to some mighty work.

It doesn't stop you or me slipping away to blow our own trumpet as being our own dream on one particular way. If we are any good there are plenty of people who will want to listen, and maybe even a government who will want to later drop something at the hat.

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CANBERRA, MAY 1979

Scripts are now being received.

- * Any play not previously professionally produced may be entered
- * Approximately 6 plays to be selected for workshop treatment by professionals

CLOSING DATE: DECEMBER 7TH, 1978

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ENROLMENT 1979

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Dance Company — handed to us like a dead fish

Sharon de Castro in Dance Co's *Everyman's Town*. Photo: Jack Arkin

The Dance Company (NSW) has announced that its proposed performances of *Puppy* in Melbourne have had to be cancelled.

It is unfortunate, for Melbourne, who have the chance of regularly seeing both the Australian Ballet and the Adelaide based Australian Dance Theatre, would have been able to make a more qualified comparison between the three dance companies and to measure the different quality of the Sydney based group.

For the life of me I don't know why most critics cannot be allowed to see companies from interest; it can only improve relations, enhance exchanges and comparisons alike and promote a more dynamic level of criticism. Further, it is difficult to arrange I know, but private enterprises should be lobbied far more strongly to help out here, it would have the Federal Government's blessing (and that's about all it would have).

It is not sufficient for the Sydney press to enthuse about the Dance Company (NSW) when the rest of Australia has no idea of what they are. As it is when the Dance Company goes to America next year and to Europe in 1983, these audiences will have more ideas of the company

than audiences in Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane and even Melbourne.

From what I can gather, when the Company don't go overseas it will be promoting itself on the basis of *Puppy* and Murphy's new full-length, non-narrative work which will be premiered next year. Not knowing the content of the new work, *Puppy* will certainly be indicative of the company, but hardly representative; it will not show the contribution of Genna Watson for one or the influence of Don Arkin for another.

Genna Watson, who has been around dancing and choreographing for years has not been grabbing the headlines as much as Murphy, who being the hope of Australian dance has the public eye upon him. Watson however has been quietly working away in his own time dancing with, and choreographing for, quite a number of Australian companies, the Queensland Contemporary and Modern most recently and importantly he will soon, it is rumoured, reveal a work of the Adelaide based Australian Dance Theatre.

Watson has delved and rummaged into almost every corner of dance style there is; he was lyrical and balletic on Russian

Modern (one of his best works in my opinion), whimsical and free form in *Rapale* (bizarre and problematical on *Medieval Music* and now in his latest work for the dance company *White Manners*, struck for something between narrative and abstraction).

One thing that always appeals me about Watson's choreography is his self-conscious analysing. Analysing the limits and blind-darcs of dance is necessary and there isn't enough of it here in Australia, but there are ways and ways of doing it. People are often amazed when I say that George Balanchine is one of the best modern dance choreographers in the world today. His basis may be classical technique (the finest basis of all but his cost of mind breaks down all the components, binds them, releases them and ultimately releases them so we are left with more or less a whole new dance language. Balanchine will be seen by history as probably the major spearhead of dance in this century and maybe of any century (dance being the 20th century artform).

But Balanchine does it with his dancers. He goes into a studio with only a few busy ideas and feeds off his dancers. Genna Watson on the other hand seems to make



Jennifer Barry, Vicki Taylor, Ross Philip in Dance Co's *White Women*
Photo: Bruce Goss

out her place at the drawing board and then impose them on his dancers, a system which seems to me to be dead before it is born.

It is unfair of course to judge Watson for not being a Balanchine but that isn't my point. Balanchine's method of choreographing seems more alive to me, that's all and I wish more young choreographers would try it instead of setting themselves problems and forcing their choreography to solve them, something which on present evidence they rarely do. Watson's latest piece for the Dance Company, *White Women* is a case in point.

Watson takes as his "theme" the power plays behind the tyranny of beauty, and in a specific sense the world of the professional beauty, the model. Fashioned loosely on Helmut Newton's book of photos and graphics of the same name, *White Women* sets its protagonists down on a treacle "Poodle pad" full of palm trees, glass topped tables, leather cushions, you know the sort of thing.

Into this very scene he places his ideal beauty, a lacquered faced model who lounges disconsolately around the palm tree filled room. Sitting around her are a couple of what look like leather hangers on, but according to the ever present program notes in tandem with things like that are actually her (the model's) alter egoes comprising her, like the two of Grace or Fame, this action with an apparently unimpressed male (who even so manages to look terribly "Poodle" in artistic detachment).

She flirts, seduces, teases, sorts and abandons him after a while and goes back to her girl friends (they of the shillee back) like there, it all looks and feels like a Telling Jane cartoon. If this sounds awfully depressing, I'm sorry, it is just very

bored trying to dress up a review out of a total lack of reaction.

The choreography, what there was of it and what it could at least be seen, was commonplace, flattered and mangled by these high heeled shoes, an affection that Hans van Marum used more successfully in *Twilight*. And perhaps it is an indication of *White Women*. It appears to have "built upon", "translated" and "abstracted" itself within an orb of its life and subsequently is totally still-born. In trying to be so self consciously demonstrative, symbolic, representational, allegorical, pastoral, tragical etc. it ends up saying nothing, doing nothing apart from boring its audience to death and achieving nothing for the reputation of its choreographer.

If by the way, in this abject-minded there was a woman wearing a huge white netted plumed hat who teetered around the stage. She obviously didn't know what she was there for, neither did the audience, and I suspect, neither does Graeme Watson.

As for the other new piece for their latest programme the Dance Company brought out a "bag game" in the person of Don Asher but he or at least his ballet, *Divewoman's Trick* turned out to be a damp squib. I am getting heavily fed up with trying to read some meaning into choreographers obscure titles and this pretentious example is almost the icing and. So too it is to say that a "truth" is essentially a part of loyalty, of comradeship and loyalty. So, by dreary process of elimination it would seem that Asher's latest piece of choreography was gathering in about "human relationships" (yet again), about ritual of ownership and property and guarded territory and brotherhoods and the Common Bond of man.

I agree with the Representative Figure boggled comfortably on his hillock, in *Moskops* as a *Dance* you may remember (if you can remember it) the Representative Figure built himself a little shelter out of what looked like giant's handgrips. Passing by the hillock are a rag bag of Mosley individuals who cupel, play, fight and generally try to be symbols of mankind at Large (I'm sorry for all these capitals but the style of the work requires them). The RF joins in with them, watches them, becomes poetic and reflective, squabbles, backs and defends his territory, and is ultimately deformed (in *Moskops* as a *Dance* the RF was central). He then dances a little dance with his Saddle of Worldly Possessions and Vaseline and slouches off (in *Moskops* the RF did a little tap routine and then slouched off).

The choreography from start to finish was intensely boring, manufactured and expurgated, being basically from the elastic joint object of choreography, lots of athletic huffing and puffing, a dash of choros from there, some bits of "Graham Technique" checked in there and not a single solitary idea anywhere.

Am I trying to say something? Yes, I wish Asher would go beyond this confused Margaret Mead-Less Strauss or be's on, look into himself for ideas and feelings and clear things up with his dancers before the thing goes into performance. Then something might be communicated to an audience and not just handed to us like a dead fish, in thinking in capitals, *Divewoman's Trick* ends up speaking in diminutives. It is an impudent, unmanicured and dull as a ball bore of Wagner, while *White Women* is as machine, cold and heartless and mindless as the clatter of ice cubes at a cocktail party.

Of Ballerinas, Terpsichore and Cupid.

A profile of Ann Jenner

Ballerinas are special people, and, as Australian Ballet watchers will appreciate, a lot like us on the ground here at the moment. It is almost as if Terpsichore has willingly accepted the Company's requirements. For without her recognition, ballerinas do not happen. This very special quality and assurance that can make a full length ballet "live" throughout an entire evening is given to few. It cannot be made or faked. Dame Peggy van Praagh has obviously had a few words with the Goddess of the dance, an international art but team-work and together they have come up with a beauty. Her name, Ann Jenner, from the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden, clearly one of the stars.

Ann is a Royal Ballet through-and-through. She began her studies in earnest at the short age of nine, finally at the Royal Ballet School at Ballet's Court in London and later in the reinforced branch of that famous institution, Where Lodge in Richmond Park. By the age of seventeen she was in the corps de ballet and it was not long before her potential was noticed and rewarded.

While still a member of the corps she began to dance roles usually reserved for soloist or principal — the Blavoslav gas de deux from *The Sleeping Beauty*, the pas de trois from *Swan Lake* and more recently, the Neapolitan dance from the same ballet. The qualities she displayed in this last named variation are some of her most valued ones — an absolute joy in the performance and an eagerness for her audience to share it, immediate speed and energy and a pervasive warmth of personality. Australian audiences especially loved her for it and the Neapolitan became a show stopper for her.

Within a few years she was promoted to soloist and soon made the short leap into a Coppélia's role she continues to excel with a great sense of adroitness but and charming mischief. The subject is not her well, but she is by no means limited to it as Sir Frederick Ashton, former Director of the Royal Ballet was quick to endorse, asking her to what is widely regarded as her greatest masterpiece, *Symphonic Variations*. This playful ballet for ten dancers defines The Royal Ballet classical style and has never been given to any other company. To be given a place as in the role of the originator, Pantomime, Shivar and May is a dancer's honor.

As a principal ballerina of the Company since 1970, Ann has danced *Aurora* in *The Sleeping Beauty* — the supreme role for any ballerina — (performed by the archeological English classical,



Ann Jenner (Photo: Anthony Givens)

MacMillan/Martin). *Song of the Earth* and Balanchine's *Apollo* with Marjorie, *Serenade* a string of Ashton ballets, the late role in *Choderlos*, Thomas in *The Dream*, both principal roles in *Two Pagans*, *Atanarjuat*, Tuesday's and Sunday's child in *Just Corbin* and the role of Karolita in *Enigma*. Furthermore the beautifully executive life of Eliza in *Elizabethan England*, Fulkina's *Les Sylphides* and *The Florentine*, Tudor's *Shakespeare*, *Armenia Rubicon*, *Giacca* in *A Gathering*, the role of Bianca in *Charles* a wonderfully warm and funny, *Tracing of the Shores* and most recently *Coconuts* Maria Lanch in MacMillan's highly successful 3 act ballet, *My Darling*.

Last year her coronation debut as Juliet brought forth enough floral tributes from her loyal public to require three capacious London cabs to be called to the stage door of Covent Garden to get her home, and the verbal bouquets from the critics were just as fragrant. In short she is a highly versatile and accomplished dancer and just the ticket for The Australian Ballet.

But perhaps her most popular and successful role is *Lola* in that most seductive and refreshing (most) ballet masterpiece — Ashton's *La Fille mal gardée* — the role in which, appropriately, she makes her debut with The Australian Ballet. At 22, Ann was the youngest ballerina ever to dance this role at Covent Garden and is, by now, unquestionably among the leading artists of it in the world today. Indeed it could have been created especially for her, so happily does it suit her personage and sense of gentle feminine fun, and so perfectly exploit her light and quick nervous brilliance. Last year she was the chosen ballerina for Bayle's first performance in the ballet at Covent Garden.

So why, you might be asking, does a leading

ballerina from one of the greatest companies in the world, deeply committed to her heritage and at the height of her popularity, condescend to a recent public job in *Dance and Dancers* magazine, which placed her third in a list of great fifty ballerinas appearing in London in 1979? *Dance* is more and dance in Australia when she has previously had the choice of many outstanding offers elsewhere and turned them all down?

Well, it could say after all that dance is an international art, and why not? One could also say that here she will go to dance more often and in a different repertoire and that is always good for a dancer. Maybe, but this does not really answer the question, for truth to tell, Terpsichore has had a little help from her Menem. Cupid. Ann's Achilles heel turned out to be, Dais Deaux, formerly a leading soloist of The Australian Ballet and lately of The Royal Ballet and now retired with Dais to settle in Australia.

They first met over a rehearsal of the *Roméo and Juliet* balcony pas de deux. Any two young people involved in the serious art of dancing, exposed to the romantic situation and accompanied by the intensely dramatic and emotionally charged music of Prokofiev are scarcely at risk! Indeed, these readers who have seen the film, *The Turning Point* will recall how a rehearsal of this very duet was used to show the burgeoning romance between Rudolph and Lavin Brown — a real case of life goes to the music!

Ann and Dais have since danced together with great success as good friends in many places around the world most especially with Dame Margot Fonteyn's school tours in England. It is a pity there is no watch

Anthony Givens, Givens, Givens, the

Imported Wagner, a vocal virtuoso and a little known Puccini



Marilyn Richardson (Eva), Norman Bailey (Hans Sachs) and Alison Cathcart (Frau Selding) in the *ADFs' Masteringers*. Photo: Simon Goss

Back of the year Australian Opera productions to be unveiled in Sydney during August were considerable achievements for the company, maintaining the excellent quality of a season that has so yet produced no musical disappointments and only one seriously forgettable production — that of *Belshazzar's Feast* which was rescued only by the superb singing of Joan Sutherland and her two outstanding mezzo sopranos, Margreta Elcen and Heather Begg.

The first of the August premises was the impressively authentic collection of Wagner's *The Masteringers of Nuremberg* on loan for two years from Scottish National Opera. Also imported for the occasion were the two leading men of the piece, Norman Bailey (Hans Sachs) and Alison Cathcart (Frau Selding) as well as the conductor, Mark Elder, and the producer, David Pountney, but important as were the contributions of all these imports the event was nevertheless a major achievement for the Australian Opera the extent of which became more and more apparent as its final scenes of eight performances unfolded.

The resident Australian principal singers supported themselves admirably, by and large, though of course the two most demanding parts

were filled by the imports. But there were no imported choruses or orchestral musicians, and it was in those departments — considerably more equal to the overall success of a production of *The Masteringers* than in many others — that the greatest handicaps of this production lay.

The orchestra proved it had the staying power and (at least mostly) the expertise to cope with Wagner's music, often very complex, score. And special praise must go to the Australian Opera chorus for the way it rose to what must be regarded as its greatest professional challenge to date. Right from the opening chorale it sang with clarity and beauty. Equally important, the choruses acted convincingly and the organized disorder of the riot at the end of Act II was as effective as its own way as the organized restraint of the great public occasions that is the *Walden*.

All that said, one must still remind that *The Masteringers* is one of the handful of late 19th century operas on a grand scale which cause you to regret more the decision to restrict truly superb large scale operas from the major hall of the Sydney Opera House. Even in its enlarged reconstruction, the opera theatre got a too small for such works and staged spectacle must be carefully choreographed on a miniature scale.

Which leads directly to what can only be considered one of the decisions to borrow the particular physical production back, stock and loaned from Scottish Opera for the miniature stage of whose home in Glasgow it was originally designed. The appearance of medieval craftsmanship in the church of Act I, and the forests of Act II and the interior of Act III *Sachs* I was phenomenal — to the extent it was false, as much praise is the credit due to the designer, Maria Bjornson. The costumes too were marvellous, so to mention the props, only the scenery, makeshift grandstands and the setwork took too serious note in the final scene was disappointing in a sense which clearly ought to give the impression of spaciousness and open air and instead turned out rather claustrophobic and cramped — cut off altogether, almost, from the open air.

Bailey's Sachs lacked both vocal power and dramatic involvement on opening night, and Cathcart's Walder was worryingly weak in the early of the premiere. But both had come good unexpectantly by the time I reviewed the piece toward the end of its run. Bailey in particular was putting an immense wealth of further dramatic detail into his Sachs, as the instance in the lovely Act II confrontation with Beckmesser which he is trying to seduce Eva.

Raymond Myers, whose appearance in

Beckmesser was aptly described by one metropolitan critic (Roger Corbitt) as a cross between Napoleon and a funnel web spider, was raised momentarily from of appearance for a part that is usually as hampered as it needs to be hampered up at all. He was a good all-round performer that would profit from even further restraint than he exercised in the performance. I saw.

Donald Smeaton was a marvellously sensitive Poppo, Marilyn Richardson a pleasing Eva though I missed her beautiful real hair and am not convinced it was necessary to superimpose a wig with long blonde pigtail, traditionally essential though they may be. The role of Kuchner the baker suited Peter van der Stoep fitting in for John Shaw admirably, and Gregory Dempsey made an excellent David — almost compensating through sound, beauty and vocal expertise for the fact that he like just about anyone else possessed of the vocal maturity to cope with the role is not easily credible as an apprentice.

The rest of the *Masteringers* were a pastiche and visually adept lot of characters come to life from a vintage painting.

John Copley's new *Violence* is gloriously impressive design by Henry Barton and Michael Dossant, was also a major success if inevitably of less monumental stature than that of *The Masteringers* due to the relative demands of the two pieces. Many opera houses will not deem this *Violence* to be an ideal one, for it chooses to emphasize the world's actual and glacial movement in the delivery of the deeper relationships between Alfredo and Violetta and the ongoing third party of the piece, Alfredo's father. But it certainly works within its own context, and it was an ideal vehicle for Kim To Kwanen and will no doubt be equally ideal as a vehicle for Joan Sutherland in Melbourne next year.

I had seen To Kwanen as three opera productions before this *Violence* — as the Countess in *Figaro* (Sydney 1971), Amelia in *Simon Boccanegra* and Hana in *La Bohème* (both Sydney 1971), and had each time found her as dramatically moving as the two vocally spectacular. Her *Violence* in this *Violence* is possibly even more impressive vocally than any of her previous performances I have seen and it is also dramatically much more impressive. Perhaps the reason for this is partly that *Violence* the character is more alive to To Kwanen the person than those other heroines, or maybe her acting talents are expanding in scope as her career progresses. At any rate, she is a stunning *Violence* of bigger than-life-size proportions — particularly in the vocal

department.

Indeed, Yvelina is just about an ideal vehicle to display the full range of To Kananen's various vocal talents from the lyrical to the dramatic, the beautiful and straight forward to the highly embellished like never before in her highly professional, sophisticated, cosmopolitan rendition with the sheer beauty of tone she manages to project right through her range and the full gamut of her emotions.

If there was a valid complaint about this particular Yvelina, it was that it was marginally too big in scale for the hall and her male co-performers — both of whom needed at times to be forcing themselves beyond their vocal limits in a vain attempt to outstep her, or at least equal her in the volume department. This was a pity, for both Arnon Avner and Robert Allan were extremely excellent in their roles.

The big personal success of the evening was, indeed, Anne's Adelaide event if she did ever exceed himself now and then. Always a more than credible constant state had usually, his acting in the past, his voice seemed to be larger in tone, and at the same time more pleasing in quality, than I have ever heard it before.

Allan, always an effective singer and actor, was also very successful in the role of the young Giacomo: even if just now and then he seemed provoked by To Kananen to overstate marginally his vocal resources.

This was not a revolutionary *Barbetta*, but it was a really pleasing one that will no doubt prove a durable addition to the ATO's current supply of stock productions of standard repertory favorites.

I finally caught up with the Australian Opera production of Scarlatti's *The Triumph of Winter*, which was presented at the last Adelaide Festival, in December early in August. Full of vocal comedy and constantly listenable and sparkling, it alternately accompaniment music, *The Triumph of Winter* is short and accessible, good for the kids and the olds, and it is well thought out in its production.

Peter Cook's design and Frances Cavanna's production make pretty nearly as much as there is to make of this short evening in the theatre. The two outstanding young performers the night I saw the piece came from *Giacomo*. One was a marvelously dithering and nervous Flaminio, made of the hero, and Margaret Russell as the soprano/vocalist Rosina. But it would be unfair to give them too much credit, since they have the most creditably comic parts anywhere the singing was consistently good, particularly from the three main ladies of the piece, played by Judith Saliba, Kathleen Moore and Patricia Whithead.

The only strictly operatic offering of the month on the regional circuit was the production of Puccini's little-known *The*

Swallow (*La Rondine*) by the State Opera of South Australia, therefore in the month I review the most theatre evening presented by Victoria State Opera early in September.

Predictably, the Adelaide *Swallow* proved less of a drawcard at the box office than the standard repertory *Moscu* and *Verdi* the State company had presented earlier in the past, nor was it well received by the daily critics at its premiere. I saw an last performance, which may of course have differed quite considerably from the one commenced on by the other reviewers, and thought it one of the more successful efforts of the company.

Again, altogether from the individual performances, the production looked and worked a good deal better than some of the other recent efforts of the resident Adelaide team of director Adrian Slack and designer John Cervenka. Cervenka's set design made excellent use of the rather small performing area in Adelaide's Opera Theatre, and Slack copied very well with the difficult dramatic demands of the piece, in particular the scenes where two things are going on at once which must be coordinated visually — Ruggiero's entrance in Act II, where he intervenes with *Barbetta* while Magda and others are involved in a farcical singing scene, the scenes and groups of the café scene.

Yet there are problems with *La Rondine* that perhaps no designer or director can solve. It is a second piece, the second being nostalgia and dramatics and philosophical contemplation, the characters philosophise and reminisce rather than getting on with life. The moral, if there be one, seems to be that people should go on being what they are rather than trying to become something else: the liaison between Magda the courtesan and Ruggiero her young romantic aviator's lover is doomed from the outset, just as are the operations of her maid Loris to become a success on the stage. Essentially unheroic, the opera nevertheless contains some marvellous music and moments, and it seemed to me the best of the piece was captured quite marvellously in the particular production.

Jane Russell, always an engaging stage personality, had some vocal difficulty at the top of her range the night I saw *La Rondine* but captured and conveyed extremely well the character of Magda the young courtesan clucking at what will probably be her last chance to experience real passionate love, and desiring her former *Barbetta* in the process quite aware of what she is doing, probably knowing all along her liaison with Ruggiero is doomed just clucking to him anyway.

Robert Donald, who also was having some trouble at the top of his range on the night, was a remarkably robust Ruggiero but perhaps a little too supple and mobility wise and roughly physical to suit the part. I tend to think of Ruggiero as rather more of an innocent, as much bewitched over by Magda's obvious experience and sophistication as the ways of love and society as she is by his youth and budding masculinity.

Thomas Edmunds was a fine Flaminio, sure,



Lari To Kananen (Victorio) and Arnon Avner (Adriano) in ATO's *La Rondine*. Photo: Susan Gibbs.

contemplative, diplomatic, practical. Carolyn Vaughan was a striking Loris, superbly conveying experience, naivety, aggression and professional ambition early in the piece, and, later, cunning and humbleness as she returns to the status of mere maid-servant to Magda.

Angela Denning, Penny Harnsworth and Ruth Quarter provided as some a backdrop, both vocally and visually, to the main core of the action as one would hope to encounter State Opera is fortunate indeed to be able to field such a levy of fine young female opera and talent.

And Roger Howell proved a credible and dignified *Barbetta*, in particular conveying the right mix of disapproval — even anger — in Magda's behavior without ever losing personal control to the extent that he lost all offer to take Magda back from credulity.

The choruses played adequately for Myer Friedman, though far from impeccably — in particular, at the end of the evening, full throat with some sound that the Puccini, like all other Puccini, demands is on time to take.



Jane Russell (Magda) and Thomas Edmunds (Flaminio) in State Opera's *La Rondine*.

Those who go under and those who survive

Mimi Kripas, Sara Pezz, Lisa Gilmore and Serge Frappetto in *Mouth to Mouth*

Mouth to Mouth, which won the jury prize at the Australian Film Awards staged in Perth in August, is a model of a quality film made with a very small amount of money. John Dugan had \$125,000, the sort of cash most people would use to make a documentary of the mating habits of the spangled orange shrike. He took four people with no, or limited, acting experience, a tightly-plotted story, locations that spoke for themselves, and a brilliant cameraman (Tim Conroy) and held the direction firmly in hand. Perhaps his most commendable decision was to keep the talk as spare as possible. The young working class or any other class, are not articulate, which does not mean that some of them do not talk a lot. Without wishing to make wounding comparisons, one could point the "inarticulateness" of the people in *F4* Hobbes and *Third Person Plural* against those in *Mouth to Mouth* and realise that the latter is an object lesson in how to do it. Dugan was his own writer, but he retained whatever inspiration there was to decorate the dialogue.

The film tells part of the story of Carrie and Jeanne, Tim and Sergio — two girls on the run, two boys on the dock. The fringe characters are a bunch "band" who pays perfunctory attention to Carrie and sometimes catches her romantic imagination, and a district who could have been a beauty of Dugan had not kept such a grip on the character. He was played by Walter Pym, once a mainstay idol of the

Spoddy stage. In the case, too, words were kept to a minimum. The occasional unneeded chatter of the alcoholics were about all he was allowed, but the flimsiness of revealed personality, still peering away under the strained curtain, came through unadvisedly.

The boys and girls meet in a greasy-spoon cafe where Carrie and Jeanne have acquired a bit of temporary work and the boys come in for part with plenty of assets. They realise that night is a pub to spend. Tim is just 24. Jeanne drinks beer with her hosts, Carrie acts for brandy crates. She adopts an urban manner meant to be fitting female. They spend the night in Sergio's old bomb of a car — driven from Warragunga, where there is no work either — and in borrowed beds on the flat of an unemployed, relative and finally in the makeshift living quarters which the girls have assembled on a high floor of an abandoned tenement building. On the floor below the "dorm" cramps with his paper bag-wrapped bottles of liquor and his list.

The association between at first, becomes stronger, more real, more emotionally grounded. Out of work, the girls cannot get the dock because they clung from a corrective institution (the kid known as a "home") and have no credentials. Application for the dock would simply mean a return to the "home". So they shoplift food and clothes. The boys spend the time applying for jobs they never

get. Acceptable-looking Tim is an unsuccessful as long haired, shirky Sergio. The girls then go on "escort" service, the substitutes for nights out with visiting farmers.

The resolution of this story is very moving, as indeed is the film. In any group of four there are those who will go under and those who will survive. The audience will reach its own conclusion.

The performances are quite extraordinary, of such likeness and candor that despite the dishonesty I never felt duped. Carrie is played by Kim Krugan, a former NIDA student and Jeanne played by Sara Pezz, a name which is never before acted. A young New Zealander named Lisa Gilmore, whose background I don't know, is Tim, and Serge Frappetto, a truck driver by occupation, makes a strong lasting impact on Sergio.

Conroy's photography is a great plus, his deep-living scenes, the dark interiors into which he has somehow infused warmth and the film's only moments to youth at play, a day out on a wild water beach, are quite memorable.

The film is being distributed by Handlow/Village, and in the matter of promotion they are up against it. But I hope the word will get around and make *Mouth to Mouth* the success it deserves to be.

John Dugan's new film is *Chinatown* from the play by Jack Hibbard, which he is making for \$350,000.

1978 Australian Film Awards

At a time when the Australian film industry is producing films and filmmakers worthy of international acclaim, it's depressing to see that industry celebrate its achievements with an event heavily reminiscent of 1950s television talent shows.

The Australian Film Institute's 1978 Australian Film Awards were presented late August in Perth's 7,500-seat Entertainment Centre, a dauntingly cavernous auditorium which only Gough Whitlam himself at the height of his charismatic powers has managed to fill with excitement.

The Awards presentation, televised nationally and costing the hosts, TVW 7, a reputed \$200,000, varied from ordinary boring to downright embarrassing. The lineup of aging showmen personalities, impromptu and local, made one wonder whether the argument had ever arose across that often quoted trade fact that the 18 to 23 year olds are the solid core of filmgoers in Australia and elsewhere.

Look at just some of the films to be honored this year — the big favorite *Newsworld*, which bagged eight awards, *The Count of Monte Christo*, with three prizes, John Dargatzis' low-budget *Albion Fo' Meach*, awarded the Special Jury prize, Tom Haydon's *The Last Temptation*, the prize-winning Documentary, and Steve Jackson's *The Devil's Prop*, the Short Fiction prizewinner. They offer in varying degrees tragedy, passion, utopian commitment to the craft of storytelling, immediate production standards. And certainly they and their makers deserve a celebratory event which

in its style and mood matches the expense and quality of the best in Australian cinema today.

The Australian Film Commission met in Perth just before the Awards, and there were good news and bad news rumors floating around after the meeting.

The good news rumor suggests that the Commission will be pulling a lot more money into script development. No film assignment from Sam Goldwyn onwards has ever demonstrated infidelity in identifying the script that delivers the goods. The Commission, assisted by consultants and assessors, has made its fair share of mistakes in backing underwritten and just plain bad scripts, and money spent at the driving and re-driving stage could mean money saved in the end.

However, many money for script development certainly means less money for production budgets at those Federal belt-tightening days. The Commission presumably sees the new Tax Assessment Act (allowing tax deductions to private investors in film) as introducing a very considerable change in the funding of the Australian industry, offering producers a viable alternative to dependence on large-scale Government backing. This may explain the bad news rumor of an automatic ceiling applying to all feature budgets submitted for Commission funding, irrespective of the scope or merit of the film.

Australian films have contributed a great deal in the last few years to the definition of the Australian identity at



The Last Temptation, left to right: Tringali, Brian Clark, William Cato. Photo by courtesy of Temptation Film Corporation.

home and overseas, and the Australian Film Commission's role in this process has been an important one. With Canberra calling the financial tune, the Commission, like the other statutory bodies underpinning the performing arts in Australia, is going to have to be tough-minded and specialized in its dealings with politicians and political patron alike. And it's clearly time for the Commission to look hard at itself and its self-proclaimed role as "merchant banker to the Australian film industry".

The Award-winning *Albion Fo' Meach* and *The Last Temptation* were two of the features screened at the Western Australian International Film Festival early September in Perth. The programme, drawn largely from offerings at this year's Sydney Film Festival, played to packed houses. Small matching grants from the Australian Film Commission and the Western Australian Arts Council made the very successful event possible.

Robert Page

Macbeth On Video

The 1977 SATC production of *Macbeth* has been videotaped in a major studio production by the SA Film Corporation who are making it available for educational purposes. This very competently filmed version is edited down to three twenty minute segments. The three tapes are each reproduced by Colin George, the director, who also provides the story links which allow such a dramatic reduction in running time. But without a fair knowledge of the play to begin with relating the plot like this is hardly adequate for students even to follow the story.

Coupled with this, and exacerbating it, is the idiosyncratic nature of George's version of the play. He has gone full on to there make his make that "Shakespeare's imagination can move the world" and drove out his production accordingly. The married couple and their parents in Kurosawa's film and beyond that the various traditions: the king's mistress, Tutan, the servant appear at times in Moorish full black robes and at others in Indian dress, the word scenes have music which are from the South Seas and the changing stage music device, if memory serves me correctly, directly from the

soundtrack of the *Lord Jim* film. All of which, for no apparent reason helped underlining a cosmopolitan view of the Bard, serves to make nonsense of such lines as "From hence is hereafter". Don't directors make that the universal arena out of the particular?

Again, the doubling presents difficulty. Kevin Miles goes on a track to change before our eyes from wounded soldier to sword user and one of Macbeth's hand assassins. George obviously wanted to make the point that the sword and influence is ubiquitous, but given such severe abridgement, it would appear to students merely confusing. In other ways he is too literalist, most notably in going the dagger of Macbeth's mind's eye as all too tangible reality. Being a studio production there is of course no account taken of staging nor of the potency of the actor audience relationship in the theatre.

It is not that one wants "Shakespeare" straight but this is so far and so far that in the classroom no man one would be (as George himself is speaking) discussing about no deviance — which is either badly challenging or positively scientific depending on one's point of view.

Reservations about the production itself should not be seen as criticisms of the idea



of extending audio visual aids to the study of plays in performance, for which the SA Film Corporation deserves full praise. The package of three 1/2" video cassettes (which at a Sony U-matic is available at a very reasonable \$160, approx. Master copies, with a licence for unlimited copying and also obtainable for just the price of the tape).

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Better plays from Calder

**Roland Toyer *Leonardo Was Right* (Calder Playwright 16)
 Alan Brown *Sleeping* (Calder Playwright 14)
 Howard Barker *Four Shagbark* (Calder Playwright 12)
 James Keithman (ed) *Journal of Bertram Shuster* (Summer 1977, No 2) John Calder, in association with The Beckett Archive at the University of Reading
 Judith Adamson *Australian Film Posters 1906-1960* (1981) AFT and Currency Press
 Chris Hoggart *Seagr Crafts* (Adam & Charles Black)**



The subject of Roland Toyer's *Leonardo Was Right* is that, And as one of David Hare's characters says, that's not a sensation, that's a fact. The play has, according to the publishers, "the disconcerting but highly enjoyable feel of a Feydeau farce re-written by Ken Kesey and Lars Busset". It is the grand tradition of French farce: six characters are gathered for a weekend in a country house — except that the house is flooded and one of them has died. The gloomy head of the household, given to quoting a remark by Leonardo da Vinci that "all men people leave behind them a overflowing lacuna" is haunted even more when large cards begin to appear in unusual places around the house — on the dining table, under the sofa, etc. As well as an exercise in claustrophobia here the play becomes a closed room detective story as the characters try to determine who could have swept two cards long around in so many hours. The resolution of this problem is reserved for much protracted social satire and philosophical speculation about men's conditions.

Alan Brown's *Sleeping* is a strange, almost

serial syndrome of unpleasant, degraded characters and gentle, warm behaviour. Into a household where an old man sits with a dead rat on his head, greeting Eliza, a couple enter violently with each other and a violent young man pellicles and bolts himself into his room, some various flaring, moments of love and beauty and a yearning for rubies. Specifically there comes a strangely named beautiful girl in a white dress, named Forest — a handicapped figure but here handled with some delicacy and beauty. Her only dialogue, spoken "with a beautiful voice", is Eliza's famous question about the world ending with a whisper, and from a slip of paper pulled out of a hidden Christmas cracker. At his request the storm the old man needs the night "a beautiful house" then regrettably departs. The play is full of strong images, surprisingly unexplored.

Another good play is *Four Shagbark*, by Howard Barker. It is the epic story of Gochar, a semi-epic moment and "England's oldest living murderer". The violently energetic narrative incorporates scenes from his early life fighting with the "Capitalist Army" in Russia after the Revolution, working in Moscow Hall during the 30s, meeting his old commanding officer in a burning whisky warehouse during the 50s with scenes of Old Gochar lying in hospital with a twisted hand belonging to a comrade who was killed by the White Russians. He escapes with a waiter and sets off for Russia to bury the hand with the rest of his comrade's bones, but only gets as far as the South Downs where he meets his commander in a house, like a like that encounter. The action of this play is rich, raw and intense. A critic in the national press recently complained that one should not have to feel sorry for him. Alan Ayckbourn — and neither I suppose one should, but in Johnson's image he is close to Howard Barker's beauty.

All these plays are Calder Playwrights (numbers 11, 14 and 12 respectively) and all are small, cheaply produced volumes at the same price (£2.50) as Currency Press much more handsome publications. It's just that the plays themselves are so much better.

Before we leave John Calder is it worth mentioning another publication, the *Journal of Bertram Shuster*, No 2. A few months ago I wrote about its need for more showing in Australian theatre. Now I tremble and am afraid, and happen to point out that my remarks were addressed to practitioners, not academics. The best thing in this volume is a logbook of rehearsals of Becker's own production of *Three Days and Four Nights* at Berlin at the end of 1976 — an interesting insight into the practical work of a great man whom many people in the country seem to regard as too "intellectual".

Concerning the academics, even Tom Stoppard's characterisation of their work is charmingly like class playing it out enough to justify them, after the longers with Karpis and Koshin in the Philippines.

Less updated and of more general interest is the British journal *Theatre Quarterly* which goes a mention here, after thirty years, because it and its associated publications (playbooks, checklists on certain acts) are now being distributed in the country by Currency Press.

At the opposite extreme is *Australian Film Posters 1906-1960* by Judith Adamson. That is a large format paperback with full colour reproductions of posters, which are rare, and a clearly good which covers all manner of subjects rather than a description of the film themselves. The book is attractive but there is not enough in it to give the ignorant any coherent history of Australian filmmaking, and too much for those who don't care but would like to know what the films were about. Nonetheless, as they say, it's what it used to be.

Finally, and most useful, especially for schools (and experienced amateur companies), is *Seagr Crafts* by Chris Hoggart. Adam and Charles Black) this is an attractively clear "how to" book covering most aspects of conventional stage craft. It will not be of much use to the adventurous. It seems to assume that all sets will be made of timber and canvas and most props of paper mache. It also assumes an overwhelming demand for faded realistic historical props and costumes (it has over thirty pages on sets and costumes through the ages). Nonetheless people wanting a clear practical guide to the techniques and tricks of the trade in the theatre should find it useful.



The G Theatre

ENTERTAINING MR SLOANE

by JOE ORSON

Sept 13 - Oct 1	— Perth
Oct 4 - 7	— Bankstown Town Hall
Oct 11 - 15	— Maitland Theatre
	— Newcastle

THE DRUNKARD

Opens Oct 13 — Bankstown Town Hall

THE G THEATRE

PO BOX 10, PLETHA, NSW 2113

GUIDE

A.C.T.

CANNES OPERA SOCIETY (07 0049)

The Magic Flute by Mozart. Producers: Brian Bell, Conductor: Ayn Kamnitsky. Dates: 20-31 Oct. Canberra, 1-3 + Nov. Wagga, 10-11 Nov.

CANNES REPERTORY SOCIETY

07 4323

Theatre 3

Macbeth. Tickets by Alan Bates. Dates: Michael Lambourn 23 Oct-31 Nov.

CANNES THEATRE (06 7682)

Playhouse

Flower by Roger Hall. Director: John Tucker. To 31 Oct.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE WORKSHOP

Children Street Hall

The Beauty Queen by George David. Director: Warwick Baxter. Early Oct.

FORTUNE THEATRE COMPANY

Pop of Children's Theatre

The Bear by Asian Children. Director: Pam Rutherford. To 4 Oct. Also touring.

THE GARDEN THEATRE RESTAURANT

07 6244

Blue Mac Production 70 written and directed by Gordon Todd. To 4 Oct. Free and Sale.

GIRAN COMPANY (07 4781)

Theatre in Education programmes continuing in schools.

For further contact Marguerite Wells on 47 1352

NEW SOUTH WALES

ACTORS COMPANY (06 5501)

An Evening with Adolf Hitler by Jennifer Compton and Matthew O'Sullivan. Director: Matthew O'Sullivan. To 29 Oct.

ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW SOUTH WALES

037 6411

White Ash/Chloe Show - 3 week tour. Male trio. *White the Baby Book* - Henry Lawson's stories by Leonard Park. 7 Oct. Lennon, 8 Oct. Chelton, 9 Oct. Kempsey, 10 Oct. Port Macquarie. Plus other tours on North Coast School Tours. *Amosong*. Players Sydney Metropolitan tour throughout October.

Wayne Keated Shows, multi-art entertainment. North West NSW and Hunter regions, throughout October.

Alan Hoad folk singer, guitarist. South Coast, to 29 Oct.

Rob Sullivan Magician, ventriloquist, puppeteer, Western and Hunter regions throughout October.

Danny Conner, Rhythmic tour throughout October.

Jon Green, guitar. Sydney Metropolitan area throughout October.

Dash Woodward and *Pupper Workshop*. North Coast NSW tour throughout October.

AUSTRALIAN OPERA (03 5208)

Caroline Robinson by Massini. 4, 6, 11, 14, 17, 20 Oct.

Figliani by Louis Cavilly. *Three Acts* at Liverpool.

A Midsummer Night's Dream by Benjamin Britten. 5, 7, 8, 12-14-16-18-21 Oct. *Moham's Rhythms* by Paganini. 7, 10, 13, 19, 21 Oct.

ENSEMBLE THEATRE (06 8475)

Land of God by John Summers. Director: Hayes Gordon. Throughout October.

FRANK STRAIN'S BULL. 76 BUSH THEATRE RESTAURANT (931 4621)

Major of Mystery with Noel Grapley, Keith Rowell, John Tulkerton, Neil Bryant and Alan Noonan. Director: Frank Strain, Choreographer: George Gordon. *Contestants*.

GEMSLAND THEATRE (07 3003)

Woman of no Importance by George Bernard Shaw. Director: Margaret Ramsay.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE (312 3416)

Devotee directed by Robert Holman, starring John Watson. Throughout October.

LES CURRIE PRESENTATIONS (06 5650)

After Jackson, folk singer, will tour select, primary and secondary schools in Western NSW, Riverina and South Coast districts (October to December).

The Madam After. Theatre with Michael Pyndel and Bob Dawson. written and directed by Michael Pyndel. will tour select and primary schools in Sydney metropolitan area (October-November).

MARIAN STREET (06 3166)

The Field of the Remains by Jean Anouilh with Phillip Ross, John's Fisher and Louise Page. Director: Brian Young.

MARIONETTE THEATRE OF AUSTRALIA (03 6131)

Puppet Power by Richard Bradshaw. NSW schools tour. Director: Richard Bradshaw.

MAYFAIR THEATRE (03 1375)

Crown Amusement by Roger Ryan. With Jane Selzer and John Hamilton. Director: Peter Williams. From 12 Oct.

MUSIC HALL THEATRE RESTAURANT

069 0225

Crusader by Davis, written and directed by Michael Boddy (touring).

MUSIC LOFT THEATRE (071-6395)

Know a musical revue starring the Poppyens family and Lee Young (touring).

NEW THEATRE (019 1661)

Forever by Maxine Clarke, director, Karen Jackson. To mid-October.

NIMROD THEATRE (099-3003)

Amosong by Peter Kella, adapted for the stage, directed and designed by Steven Deroff. *cosmic dancer*, Silvia Jernova, music by Nicholas Lynn, with Ralph Conrad, Richard Collins. Magician: Catherine, Rainer Fain and George Sherman. To 4 Oct.

A Plot with the Family by Greg Searby. Director: Richard Williams. From 14 Oct. *And Another*. *Knit* (downstairs). Robyn Archer and John Gahan. To 19 Oct.

OLD TOWN (061 5123)

Down Theatre. The Night of the Ignorant by

Tommaso Williams. with Ronald Fells, Maggie Karpman and Judy Parr. Director: Ted Chap. From 2 Oct.

Paradise Theatre. Williams Menon by George Bernard Shaw. with Norman Kaye, Jane Haden, Peter Collingwood and Alan Hansen, Director: George Ogilvy. From 4 Oct.

SEYMOUR CENTRE (092 0015)

York Thomas King Lear by William Shakespeare, starring the Queensland Theatre Company, with special guest artist, Winna Macleod. To 7 Oct.

The Merchant - Constant and Novello with Jane Boothall and Dennis Green. To 21 Oct.

SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE (03 3188)

Caroline Hall. The Ignorant Man. Catherine. To 15 Oct.

THEATRE ROYAL (031-6111)

Bedroom Party by Alan Ayckbourn. With Crispin, Barry Corbin, Carmen Duncan, Kim Fennell, Ron Mulbrook. *Sham*. *Paradise*. *Plot* (below). *Indian Waves*. Director: Peter Williams. From 7 Oct.

WHITE HORSE HOTEL, Newcastle (21 282)

Struck by Ian Tait, written by Peter Stephens. Throughout October.

For more contact Candy Baker on 337 1700

QUEENSLAND

ARTS THEATRE (06 2544)

Belief by Simon Gray. Director, Ian Thomas, with John Grayson and Ben Gray. To 14 Oct. *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* by Neil Simon. Director: George Roberts. 19 Oct. 19 Nov. *Under the Kingston Row* written and directed by Eugene O'Neill. To 21 Oct.

CAMERATA (06 6561)

at the Lakeside Forum, University of Qld (opposite Bookshop). *Orchestra in Concert* by Sophisticated. Director: Don Bacheler with Robyn Warwick. 10 Sep, 1, 3, 8 Oct.

LA ROUTE (06 3623)

King Richard by Steve J. Sparr. Director: Sam Mac. To 14 Oct.

Amosong. *Power* by G. B. Shaw. Director: Richard Petheringham. 20 Oct. 11 Nov. *Dig* - Early Childhood Drama Project, touring schools.

Comedienne and directed by Johnny Watson. To Oct 7.

HER MAJESTY'S (031 2775)

The Queensland Opera. Faust by Giuseppe Verdi, John Thompson, Designer, Peter Cooke. Qld Theatre Orchestra, conductor. Going Thruout Sep 30, Oct 4, 10, 11, 14. *The First Fish* by Scott. Director: John Wilson. Director: Graham McLean, Conductor, Graham Young. Oct 5, 7, 8, 11, 12.

QUEENSLAND THEATRE COMPANY

(031 3175)

The Cherry Orchard by Anton Chekhov. Director: Ian McCulloch. Designer: Peter Cooke, with Monica Morrison, Ian Bishop, John Kinnaird. To Oct 7.

Antares Corpus by Alan Bennett Director, John Krasinski, Douglas Peter Corbett Oct 23 Nov 11

QUEENSLAND FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS (02) 3600

The Ancient Mariner directed and directed by Peter Jordan, Mavis Price Giffen Sep 28 Oct 14 30 John Cathedral

For further contact Don Becherer on 360-6078

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

ARTS THEATRE

The Absolute Theatre Oct 4-6 Italian Festival Stage Company Flinders Director, Bruce Debuson Oct 10-14

BALCONY THEATRE

Double Images Director, Mia Waring Oct 3-7

FESTIVAL CENTRE (01) 8128

The Space Director, The Imaginists Director, Wal Cherry, Musical Director, Michael McElweeney Oct 11-21 Italian Festival

LITTLE THEATRE

Adelaide University Theatre Guild Administrative by Goldens Director, Raymond Gosselin Oct 11-21 Italian Festival

MURRAY PARK CAFE

Playhouse: Golden Era Playoffs Oct 18-22

Q THEATRE (02) 8408

Company Playoffs: Baywatch Joe Fear by Leonard Gelfond Director, Beverly Butler To Oct 7
Off the Wall Director, Bill Murray From Oct 28

SCOTT THEATRE

Flinders University Italian Orchestra Italian Folk, Lament and Adelaide C&E Italian Studio Dept
Antares Ruffs Oct 2-6 Italian Festival And at Matthew Flinders Theatre Oct 8
Maternal Italian Theatre: No Day Director, Cecile Mauer Oct 9-13 Italian Festival

STATE OPERA (01) 6488

Touring: Marriage of Figaro with SA Arts Council

STATE THEATRE COMPANY (01) 5019

Servant of Two Masters by Goldens Director, Edna Pongali To Oct 26 Italian Festival

THEATRE 12

The Artist by John Raver Director, Bruce Moore Oct 18-28

TROUBLE

At the Red Shed
Room in the House by Doran Clarke Director, David Allen To Oct 15

For further contact Chris Johnson 224 8665

VICTORIA

ALEXANDER THEATRE (04) 3228

Chickadee Light Opera Company production of *Oliver!* Oct 8-21
Heritage Theatre, Waverley production of *New Moon* Oct 22 to Nov 4

ARENA CHILDREN'S THEATRE (04) 6667

Plays in Performance: Leary's journey, story theatre journey, *Argents* Also *Touring* metropolitan and country schools
C&T CALL: Tuesday school for schools (upheld staff)

SHOW THE: Theatre-in-schools on projects

1 *Wacky the Wizard* group grade 2

2 *Cave*, *Sea*, *Field*, *Water* grade 3-6

3 *Travis* dark grade 5-6

4 *Shake Shake and Roll* ages 10-14

SCAT: Success Academy Theatre (see advertisement) drama experience
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Myths

AUSTRALIAN PERFORMING GROUP

PRAM 547 1135

First Theatre

Dreamers of the Absolute by Philip Miller with Director, Richard Mayfield Sep 27 to Oct 18
Back Theatre

Voices by Susan Griffin Director, Fay Melbourne All women cast and crew Sep 21 to Oct 15
Light Shining in Melbourne since Oct 24 to Nov 19

COMEDY THEATRE (04) 4993

The Makers from Novello 7 *Mad Coward* with Kate Bradfield and Dennis Olsen To Oct 7
The Makers from by Cuckoo, *The Star* by Chelmer With Les Williams From Nov 1

FLYING TRAPEZE CAFE (H) 3773

Sculpture with Ron Orvino and Roy Norman
Phil and Bob's see main show

FOOLIES THEATRE (04) 2183

Original Comedy, director, Rod Quimby, with Mike Kennedy, Steve Vizard and Tony Barwick

HOPKINS THEATRE FOUNDATION

62 5435

Playhouse Director,

The Ensigns Director, Wal Cherry To Oct 7
The Most Excellent Playhouse by Dan Scott Director, David Kendall From Oct 13

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE (04) 3210

Amor Director, George and Edith Moran
Savory Sally Ann Director, Helen Gordon, 18
Perrymann From Oct 25

LAST LAUGH Theatre (04) 4993

409 6226

Adrian Wildly Wildly a night of hot interaction and humor Director, John O'May, Choreography, Karen Aylward Starting the October

LA MAMA (09) 4103/407 6083

In cooperation with the Imaginists Theatre
Calculus 2 plays
Playa M1 Kest (Thursday and Saturday)
Enter 17 (Friday) and *Sandpiper* From 19 Dec to 16 Nov

MELBOURNE THEATRE COMPANY

024 4088

Round Street Theatre

Good With Words by David Allen Director, Ray Lawler Director, Steve Nelson with Colleen Mann, Rod Chaffee, and Tommy Doort

Adrian's Theatre

Under Milkwood by Dylan Thomas Director, Mick Ridgely Director, Anne Prior, with John Sweeney, Malcolm Lamb, Beverly Crossley, Beverly Dunn, Bruce Spence, Lynette Curtis

Early Wildland company To Oct 21

The Australian War of Amore 19 by British Becht Director, Bruce Hylen From Oct 28
Tributary Productions (see advertisement)

John Alexander Workshops of new or unaccompanied Australian and overseas plays
Saturday Morning Club youth shows

Cotton Up country bus-in-theatre programme

OLD MILL, Cuckoo 662 31 1444

Drums Centre of Union University Thursday evening production

PALAN THEATRE (04) 6619

American Ballet Spectacles 30 Oct 1 Nov

PILGRIM PUPPET THEATRE (01) 6638

Devils Pattern Tale of Mr Told Adolph and directed by Anne Egan

POLYLOOT PUPPETS (01) 1212

Multi-cultural puppet shows, with Mogg, the Cat and Francis Touring schools and community centres

PRINCESS THEATRE (04) 291 0

Devilish in the Underworld Victorian State Opera see below

TRICK AND JOHNS Theatre Lounge

663 1794

Web Talk and *John Newman*, Myrie Roberts
Via Cordis, and guest artists

VICTORIAN STATE OPERA (H) 6601

At the Princess Theatre

Devilish in the Underworld by Offenbach
Director, Betty Pearson, Douglas, Kenneth Russell, starring Suzanne Seale, Robert Gaud, David Gray, Ian-Crumba, Ronald Ward, Evelyn Kruger, Greg McFarlane, Laura Spence, John Wood and Charles and Orchestra of the VSO conducted by Richard Dwyer Oct 8-21
School's program, touring *For the Sinner* *Who* *Woman's* by Stephen La

Major Amateur Companies: Please contact these theatres at the telephone for details of current projects and

CLAYTON THEATRE CIRCUIT (03) 7163

HEIDENBERG REPERTORY (09) 2362

MALVERN THEATRE COMPANY (01) 8600

PUMPKIN THEATRE, Richmond (01) 8176

1812 THEATRE, Farnborough (04) 8478

For further contact Les Cartwright on 781 7777

TASMANIA

SALAMANCEA THEATRE COMPANY

03 3299

Tasmanian Theatre in Education
Touring USA until November 24

TASMANIAN PUPPET THEATRE (03) 7996

Last Laugh Theatre Restaurant, Melbourne
Adrian's *John's* *Myrie* *Shane* To Oct 27
Golden Nugget *Shane* *Three* week tour for Victorian Arts Council

THEATRE ROYAL (04) 6346

Dance Company of New South Wales *Playa* by Christine Murphy Oct 4-7
Heavy Children's *Chair* Oct 28-30
Amateur Opera *Don Pasquale* Oct 31 Nov 2, 4

For further contact the Editorial Office on 045 57 4478

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

CIVIC THEATRE RESTAURANT

015 1841

Longhair Unleashed Director, Brian Smith

HOLE IN THE WALL (08) 2485

No More Land by Harold Pinter Director, Stephen Ross To Oct 11

NATIONAL THEATRE (08) 2506

Playhouse *Richard 14* by Shakespeare Director, Stephen Ross To Oct 14

The Heritage by British Indian Director, Mike Morris Oct 18 Nov 11

Cooperation *Along an Evening* *Frederick* by Christine Rossall To Oct 14

TIP *And* *And* directed by Richard Talbot and

the Company director Andrew Ross direct the play by Richard Tulkach. Director Andrew Ross. Enquiries to Richard Tulkach, Director, Andrew Ross. Available for booking.

THE BODILY (1977)

A play of 1976 with Hans Jacques and Eric Selton. From Oct 3

For further contact Joan Ambrose on 266 6619

(Continued from page 2)

congrat in gardens of the theatre and was appointed artistic director, so that I have produced thirty six plays.

We had an Australian play festival this year starting with *No Man's Land* then *Summer of the Seventeenth Day*. For the third play we advertised nationwide for a play not yet performed in Australia. We received twenty six entries from most states, and finally settled on *Who The Hell Needs Whiplash?* by Queensland's Al Stewart. It is being produced in October. The Theatre was anxious about it, but it is a winning proof and appreciates audience who have come to expect the high standard of production they are getting.

NATIONAL MOVES

JOAN AMBROSE

"In line with her policy of encouraging Australian writers, Stephen Barry, at the opening of his second season announced plans that will see considerable encouragement for new work in the near future, in Western Australia. For 1979 Stephen Barry has commissioned plays by Dorothy Bennett and Alan Seymour, as part of the extensive plans here to celebrate the State's 150th year.

Following on from that Stephen Barry expects to be commissioning and playwriting groups to develop local talent in WA. Already the Playhouse, under his direction has taken a considerable interest in new work. Assistant Director Mike Morris has been working with a writing/acting ensemble group that has had two successful productions this year. *Firestorm* and *Join the Boys*.

And in the Green Room Stephen Barry has directed Christine Randalls new play, *Arise on Princes' Terrace*—a play which shows a lot of the progressive ideas that is a reflection of the gains made by women's liberation movement and a plea for the revolution to continue. And plans are well on hand for a new children's play by Richard Tulkach, *The Cuckoo of Shakespeare's* a Christmas production. The cuckoo is not of this bird species, but of the all time banding, born on the land who runs foul of the busy task of the Weaver's Union. It will be across the sea and marvellous to have an Australian play for Australian children. There should be more of all this. And it seems that that just might happen over here."

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Theatre Australia



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THESPIA'S PRIZE CROSSWORD No 4

Name

Address

Across

1. Fourteen late contains two from and two from ancient accounts (15)
2. Empress with a home in Las Vegas (10)
3. What we hope "the two horses" will be of our stage (10)
4. Minister, an charge, accepts plea and becomes royal (11)
5. Sounds like a country for one in haste (10)
6. Freely accept family service (10)
7. Arrive in much altered place in NSW (10)
8. A mythical hero beats love for a military state (1, 7)
9. Have run in confusion for the city (10)
10. Time and then and somewhere to put someone in 5 (10)
11. Noble to find that "Lenny" has become (10)
12. Make her and laugh we hear, for a lot of a star (10)
13. Ready to cut up (1, 3)
14. Near 10 can be continuously phoning (10, 4)

Down

1. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous (10)
2. Hawthorne's dream, a kind of precious stones around one (10)
3. Greek lying on at last time early (10)
4. The under world's name becomes (1, 3, 4)
5. "It's a fine and private place" but none of them do there anymore (Marston) (1, 3)
6. Queen's court's sounding like places (10)
7. Whining — the tale has been rearranged (10)
8. Darwin's story poem in three whose name (10)
9. Ball from playwright (1, 3)
10. What Roman can afford to drink (10)
11. Educated journalist follows the locomotive (10)
12. The old Scandinavian leaves the South Sea (10)
13. Dame Helen's first half (10)
14. King leaves the Lovers in a maze for an egg (10)



The last correct entry down on August 2nd will receive not just a subscription to T4

Last month's answers